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P I N D A R I A N A ;

O R

P E T E R ' S P O R T F O L I O .

C O N T A I N I N G

TALE,
FABLE,
TRANSLATION,

|| ODE,
ELEGY,
EPIGRAM,

|| SONG,
PASTORAL,
LETTERS.

W I T H E X T R A C T S F R O M

T R A G E D Y , C O M E D Y , O P E R A , & c .

B Y

P E T E R P I N D A R , E s q .

“ *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata—* ” H O R .

To me, a *tuneful* line is dear ;
And yet it only wins the *ear* :
Verses should win the *heart* too—*dulcia sunt* :
Such verses sure success command :
The game is in the Poet's hand—
SPADILLIO, and MANNILLIO, BASTO, PUNTO.

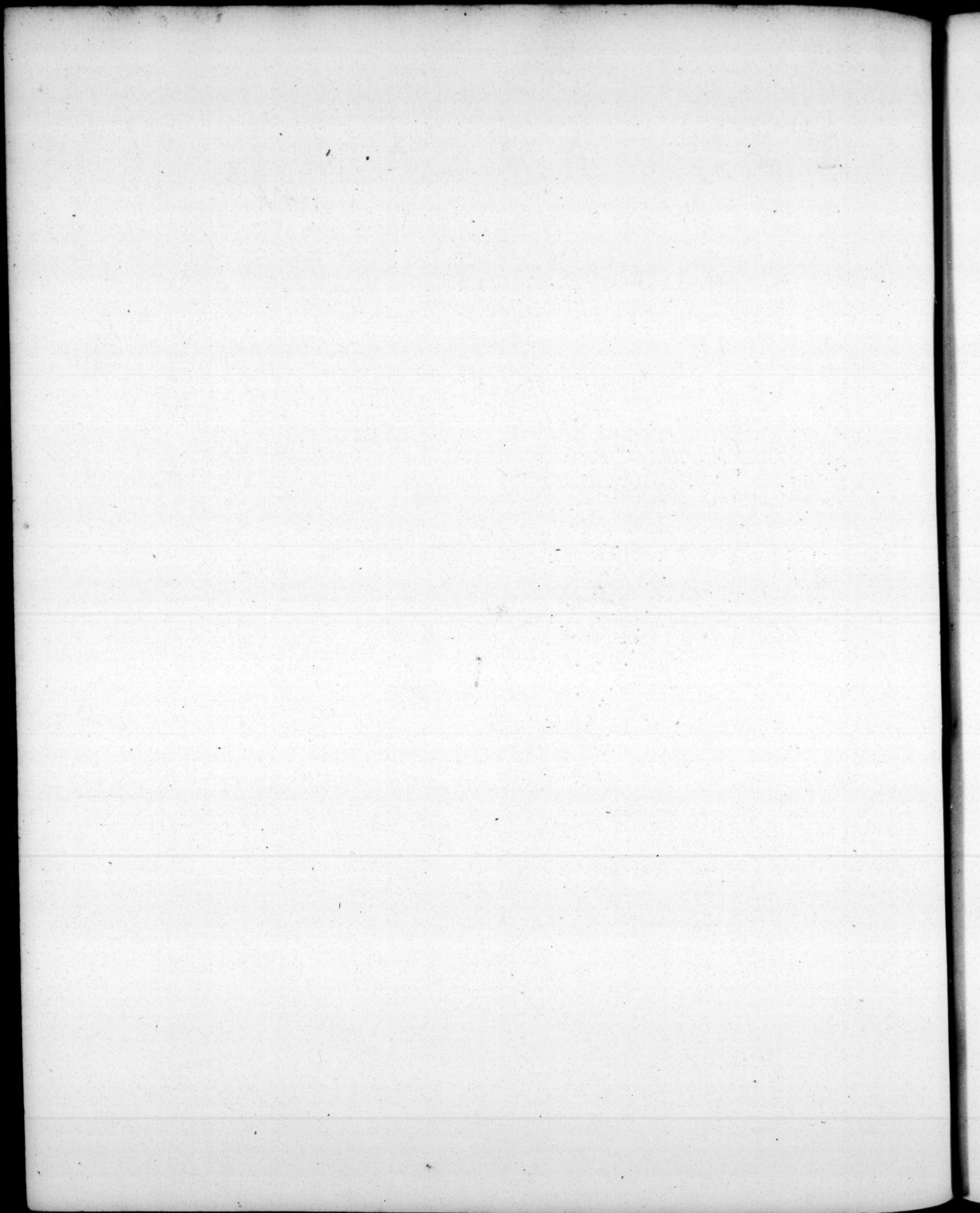
L O N D O N :

P R I N T E D B Y T . S P I L S B U R Y A N D S O N ,

F O R J . W A L K E R , P A T E R N O S T E R - R O W ; J . B E L L , O X F O R D - S T R E E T ; J . L A D L E Y , M O U N T -
S T R E E T , B E R K E L E Y - S Q U A R E ; A N D M R . J E F F R E Y , P A L L - M A L L .

M . D C C . X C I V .

[*Entered at Stationers Hall*].



TO THE PUBLIC.

READER,

PLEASANT and numerous are the volumes in *ana*; viz. *Scaligeriana*, *Thuana*, *Huetiana*, *Menagiana*, *Chœvrena*, *Carpenteriana*, &c. to which I have added, for thine amusement, *Pindariana*. May the spirits of Chaucer, of Shakespeare, of Cervantes, of Rabelais, of Sterne, of Fontaine, of Tibullus, of Horace, of Martial, of Theocritus, and my great old Cousin of Thebes, have entered my Portfolio, and animated my leaves!

Ah! may no eye wax dim upon my page;
The lid, all heavy-laden, dully closing;
The drooping head, as though from palsied age,
Reclining lumpish on the breast, and dozing;
While from th' ungrasping hand, tremendous sound,
The poor forgotten volume greets the ground!

May no fastidious Critic be able to say of my lucubrations what the blaspheming Dr. Johnson, with his oracular and growling pomposity, asserted of the sublime Ossian—"that as good a thing might be written by many men, many women, and many children!"

Griev'd should I be, could my poetic spawn
Produce one melancholy, damning yawn.

O let me feel the Muse's warmth divine !
Perdition seize a soporific line !

Ne'er may the leaden lumber load my brain !
Avaunt the sleepy verse ! confound the song
That dragging, heavy, snail-like, crawls along !
OBLIVION, bid thy mud o'erwhelm the strain !

I hate it, as old SNUFFLE I abhor ;
The Parson who, with one unvarying tone,
Sets all the jaded audience in a snore—
Such the strong opiate of his drowsy drone.

Nor, O ye POW'RS of POESY, be mine
The roaring, blust'ring, mad, and bullying line,
As though the Muses all were lying in
Of some wild *Calibanish*, mountain form ;
An earthquake, or volcano, or a storm,
So huge the sound, so horrible the din.

Nor let me prove so pompously obscure—
A mode of writing I detest, abjure ;
With stiff inversions the poor sense to screen
From ev'ry aching brain, and poring eye,
And in a rage to make the reader cry,
“ Why, what the devil can the booby mean ?
“ *Thus* too with epithets to cannonade us,
“ As if the beast were vomiting a *Gradus* !”

Let

Let me not act the goose, screaming and waddling,
 Poking his silly head, in mudpools paddling ;
 No !—with a lofty pinion let me rise ;
 Face with an eagle wing the solar beam,
 Drink with undazzled gaze th' effulgent stream,
 And with the rush of whirlwinds sweep the skies ;
 Thence, in an instant be the humble Wren,
 Twitt'ring his love-notes sweet to Mistress Hen.

O VERSATILITY, I hold thee dear !

The Proteus power be mine, to take each shape ;
 Skip like a Will-o'-whisp—be here, be there—
 Now the grave moralist, and now an ape.

Now roar the savage of the Lybian shade,
 Where HORROR listens to the shrieking ghost ;
 Now Pompey in BELINDA's bosom laid,
 Or whining, pawing for a piece of toast.

Now roll the MONARCH of the stormy Deep,
 The floundering terror of the finny race ;
 Now the slim eel, of ponds so lucid, creep ;
 Now leap a salmon, and now glide a plaice.

Thrice happy change of soul-delighting song !
This were my talent, blest would PETER be !
 But who, alas ! is thus divinely strong ?

SHAKESPEARE, that envied pow'r I mark in THEE.

Let me inform thee, Reader, that no order will be observed with respect to the various pieces. Thou wilt receive them as they leap from the Portfolio ; so that there will subsist as little connexion between one and another, as between LADY MARY and the GRACES, LORD TH----W and the LORD'S PRAYER, SIGNOR MARCHESI and CREATION, SIR JOSEPH BANKS and PHILOSOPHY, SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON and the Secrets of MOUNT VESUVIUS, JUDGE K. and a *whole* BOTTLE OF PORT, JUDGE B. and REPRIEVE.

Various will be the subjects of the MUSE. Ode, Elegy, Fable, Tale, Ballad, Epigram, &c. a Version, at times, of parts of the venerable Classics, whose spirit has been but feebly transfused through our modern languages, will be given ;

Whose *oaks* so lofty (what abomination !)
 Are chang'd to paltry *broomsticks*, by TRANSLATION :
 Their pyramids, a little village spire ;
 Their skies, blue paper ; their ear-rending thunder,
 With lightnings darting danger, blazing wonder,
 A poor coal coffin bouncing from the fire ;
 Their cities, emmets nests—a spider's hole !
 Their mountains, what ?—the mansion of the mole.

Too oft the roses of th' Athenian vale
 Relinquish their blushes for a deadly pale ;

An Attic fun converted in a trice
To a dull torpid cake of shiv'ring ice !
A rill, their oceans that no longer roar ;
Their storms, a wind's small whistle through a door ;
The sun-clad eagle, a weak flick'ring bat ;
And Afric's royal brute, a squeaking rat.

The TENDER PASSION will make a prominent figure on the canvas ; and why not, as it is one of the most prominent features of NATURE ? Who is there that has not sacrificed to the AMOROUS GODDESS ?

When dew-clad EVENING's modest blushes fade,
And NATURE sinks amid the deep'ning shade,
And LABOUR pauses on the fainting light ;
When beetles hum, and bats in circles skim,
When hills and hamlets, trees and tow'rs, grow dim,
And SILENCE steals upon the gloom of night ;
With joy I tread the secret grove,
To meet the idol of my love.

What a monster, who never felt the SOFT EMOTION !

Ah ! whence art THOU, of wealth the slave ?
Go, seek the haunted gloom, the grave ;
Whose eye, on Money taught to roll,
Admits not BEAUTY to the soul :

Fly thou the day, who scorn'ft the FAIR,
For thou wert born an imp of CARE.

But who art THOU, with anxious eye,
With panting hope, and melting sigh,
Who biddest tempting gold depart,
And only woo'ft the Virgin's *heart* ?
Go THOU where BEAUTY holds her throne ;
For blifs was form'd for *thee alone*.

Next to the Contemner of the charming SEX, is the Savage
who abuses it. POOR MARIAN! sweet is thy fong of sorrow!

MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

Since truth has left the shepherd's tongue,
Adieu the cheerful pipe and fong ;
Adieu the dance at clofing day,
And, ah ! the happy morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,
And wove the garland for my hair !
How oft for MARIAN cull'd the bow'r,
And fill'd my lap with ev'ry flow'r !

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,
But from my brow the chaplet tear ;

The crook he gave, in pieces break,
And rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,
And carv'd on ev'ry oak my name !
Blush, COLIN, that the *wounded tree*
Is all that will remember *me*.

Rich fragments of the TRAGIC and COMIC MUSE, not forgetting the MUSE of BALLAD, *yclept* OPERA, will occasionally pour their coruscations through the work.—Moreover will I present thee with delicious scraps of Criticism : thou shalt likewise have Apophthegms—so that a part of my labours may with propriety be baptised The WISDOM OF PETER. The Wisdom of Solomon is well known. Plato and Xenophon, the two famous disciples of Socrates, gathered the good things of their sublime master, fancying every sentence that dropped from his mouth, a gem of inestimable value. Pythagoras uttered sage maxims for the benefit of posterity. Nor did the good Marcus Aurelius think it beneath his dignity to turn collector. The Eastern hemisphere glitters with apophthegmatic constellations ; and now behold a BARD resolved to add a star to that of the West.

Reader, thou shalt have *more* than all this. Thou shalt be presented with some of the *Travels* of the BARD, who,
like

like the HERO of the Odyſſey, *mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes*. But expect no wonders, as I am neither a MANDEVILLE, a PSALMANAZAR, nor an ABYSSINIAN BRUCE. Unfortunately I have met with no “*Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads do grow beneath their ſhoulders.”

How many Numbers I ſhall offer thee, is a myſtery even to *myſelf*.—Should we not be eaten up by the threatening and hungry *Sans-culottes*; by the bleſſing of APOLLO and the NINE LADIES, a handsome volume or two may be produced; and to give thee my ſentiment on the *Sans-culottes* ſubject, I really think we ſhall *not* be devoured.

Howl thyſelf hoarſe, wild WAR—of this fair ISLE
 The happy natives ſhall for ever ſmile,
 While by thy rage the kingdoms bleed around;
 Safe as the chirping birds amid the OAK,
 That bids defiance to the tempeſt's ſtroke,
 And keeps with ſtern ſublimity his ground.

ADIEU.

P I N D A R I A N A.

P R O L O G U E.

TO THE CRITICS.

NOW WINTER gathers all his glooms,
And faintly SOL the world illumines ;
 Weak wand'rer, skirting pale the southern sky,
Yet squinting on the old blue road,
In summer with such splendor trod,
 Now far, alas ! above his wat'ry eye.

Well ! just as WINTER comes, so drear,
Behold the MAN of RHYMES appear !
 Much like the woodcock—bird too often bit ;
When out are dogs, and sportsmen dire,
To try to fit him for the fire ;
 Doom'd soon to turn, poor fellow, on the spit !

B

Lo,

Lo, from his shelt'ring shade he vainly springs !
 With bleeding breast, crush'd legs, and broken wings,
 And scatter'd plumes a cloud, and hanging head,
 Down falls the *emigrant*, a lump of lead ;
 Soon seiz'd by TRAY, expecting much applause,
 Who, wriggling, brings the pris'ner in his jaws.

Thus may it most unfortunately be,
 Most venerable GREYBEARDS, with POOR ME !
 Condemn'd, for want of poetry and wit,
 To turn *perchaunce* upon your piercing spit !

Yet, Sirs, I thank you for all favours *past* ;
 Hoping, moreover, they won't be the *last* :
 And, Sirs, whatever fate you may allot me,
 Thanks, thanks, that *hitherto* you have not shot me.

So much to the *liberal* CRITICS ;—what shall I say to
 the *illiberal* ?

Rake, if you please, the kennel of your brains,
 And pour forth all the loaded head contains ;
 I shall not suffer by it, I am sure ;—

Nay, my poetic plants will better thrive ;
Exalt their heads and smile—be all alive ;
As *mud* is very excellent manure.

Brother Authors, attend unto the wisdom of PETER.
Are the cries of the malevolent and envious against you ?
Be silent, and let your works fight their own battle.—
Are they good for nothing ? Let them die.—Possess they
merit ? They need not be afraid.—Bid your minds then
sit calmly on their thrones, amidst the hurlyburly of critical
attacks.

Go take a lesson from the glorious SUN,
Who, when the elements together run
In wild confusion—earth and wind and water,
Looks on the tumult down without dismay,
Nay, bright and smiling—seeming thus to say,
“ Lord ! bustling Gentlefolk, pray what’s the matter ? ”

HYMN

HYMN TO THE GUILLOTINE.

DEAUGHTER of LIBERTY, whose knife
 So busy chops the threads of life,
 And frees from cumb'rous clay the spirit;
 Ah! why alone shall GALLIA feel
 The beauties of thy pond'rous steel?
 Why must not BITAIN mark thy merit?

Hark! 'tis the DUNGEON's groan I hear;
 And lo, a squalid band appear,
 With fallow cheek and hollow eye!
 Unwilling, lo, the neck they bend;
 Yet, through thy pow'r, their terrors end,
 And with their *heads* the SORROWS fly!

O let us view thy lofty grace;—
 To BITONS shew thy blushing face,
 And bless REBELLION's life-tir'd train!—
 Joy to my soul! she's on her way,
 Led by her *dearest* friends, DISMAY,
 DEATH, and the DEVIL, and TOM PAINE!

Be

BE deaf, O Man, to the insinuations of Pride. It is the poisonous weed of the heart, that suffers not a flower of beauty or fragrance to bloom near it.

Boast not of the antiquity of thy line; for, to thy mortification, be it known, that the FAMILY of the HOGS was created before thee.

What can the *wisest* boast? alas, how little!
Then, PRIDE, be sparing of thy saucy spittle;
Nay, do not squirt it in the *humblest* face:
The wheel of FORTUNE is for ever turning;
Joy's birthday-suit may soon be chang'd to *mourning*;
NIMRODS become the *victims* of the chase.

Yes, PRIDE, I hate thee—canker of our nature!
Why look contemptuous on a fellow-creature,
Because it is a monkey or a pig?
They too have *qualities*, or I'm mistaken:
What man excels a hog in making bacon?
What mortals, like a monkey, dance a jig?

What man, from bough to bough, like JACKO springs,
Ingenious rogue! who twists his tail, and swings?

Dare we despise, because they cannot *preach*,
 Forsooth, ungifted with the pow'rs of speech?

That were a joke indeed to make a *song* :
 Ah me ! what numbers of the human race
 Most fortunately had escap'd disgrace,
 Had HEAV'N forgot to give their mouths a *tongue* !

In vain I preach—PRIDE laughs at all I say ;
 Resolv'd, the fool, to keep her *distant* way.

THE PROUD OLD MAID.

A winking, hobbling, crabbed, proud Old Maid,
 Whose charms had felt a heavy cannonade
 From TIME's strong batt'ry,—to whose lofty nose
 A rotten reputation was a rose,
 Liv'd in a country town—there spit her spite,
 And dwelt on SCANDAL's stories with delight.

Proud of her name (though poor) indeed was SHE ;
 In genealogies, an epicure ;
 Knew, to a hair, each person's pedigree,
 From that of splendor, to the most obscure.

Madam GEORGINA HOWARD was her name ;
An appellation always carrying fame,
As ev'ry HOWARD *kins* with NORFOLK'S DUKE ;
Moreover, ev'ry CAMPBELL of our Isle,
Cobbler, or chimney-sweeper, claims ARGYLE ;
And *eke* to QUEENSB'RY doth a DOUGLAS look ;

Boasting a certain portion of that blood,
Not to be wash'd away by Noah's flood.

COUSIN OF NORFOLK, would she often name,
When CONVERSATION ask'd for no such kin ;
COUSIN OF NORFOLK then *untimely* came ;
Nay, by the *head and shoulders* was lugg'd in.

This LADY, on a certain darksome night,
From cards returning by a lantern's light ;
The lantern by her servant BETTY held,
Who walk'd before this DAME, to shew the way ;
When thus it happen'd, *sadly* let me say,
Such is th' unhappiness of blinking *Eld*—

As her two eyes so dim could only *stare*,
And therefore wanted cleaning and repair ;

Against

Against *some* head, *her* poking head she popp'd—
 Dash'd with confusion, suddenly she stopp'd,
 Drew back, and bent for *once* her rusty knee—
 “I beg your pardon, Sir,” said she :

Then follow'd Mistress BETTY.—“Bless us, BET,
 “Tell me, who was the Gentleman I met ;
 “Whose face I bounc'd so hard against with mine ?”
 BET could not for her foul the laugh resist—
 “A Gentleman !—a *Jack-afs*, Ma'am, you kifs'd ;
 “I hope you found JACK's kisses very fine.”

“An *Afs* !” with anger swelling, screech'd the DAME—
 “An *Afs* !—Lord ! BETTY, I shall die with *shame* !
 “Give me a knife—I'll spoil the rascal's note :
 “Give me a knife—I'll run and cut his throat.
 “BETTY, don't say a word on't—that, alas !
 “I curtsied, and ask'd pardon of an *Afs* !”

EARLY PROPENSITIES.

How early, GENIUS shews itself at times !
Thus POPE, the pride of Poets, *lisp'd* in rhymes ;
And *thus* the GREAT SIR JOSEPH* (strange to utter !
To whom each insect-eater is a fool)
Did, when a very little boy at school,
Munch *spiders* spread upon his bread and butter !

INVITATION TO CYNTHIA.

Come, CYNTHIA, to thy shepherd's vale,
Though tyrant WINTER shade the scene ;
The leafless grove has felt his gale,
And ev'ry warbler mourns his reign.

Yet, what to *me* the howling wind ?
Thy voice the linnet's song supplies :
Or what the cloud to *me*, who find
Eternal sunshine in thy eyes ?

* Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, who has often declared this rare fact of himself, and who is so improved in power as to be able to devour an *alligator*.

K I S S E S.

Hawjer. DEAR SUSAN, one kind kifs before we part.

Sujan. Not the thousandth part of one, Mr. Lieutenant, I assure you. Keep your distance, pray, *kind* Sir. Kisses indeed! I wonder what fool first invented the nonsense?

Hawjer. Nonsense!—*Sense*, Sufan! rapture, Sufan!

S O N G.

When we dwell on the lips of the lasfs we adore,
Not a pleasure in nature is missing:
May his soul be in Heav'n, he deserv'd it, I'm sure,
Who was first the inventor of kissing.

Master ADAM, I verily think, was the man,
Whose discov'ry will ne'er be surpast:
Well, since the sweet game with *creation* began,
To the *end of the world* may it last!

[*Catches* SUSAN, and kisses her.]

I DO not love a Cat—his disposition is mean and suspicious. A friendship of years is cancelled in a moment by an accidental tread on his tail or foot. He instantly spits, raises his rump, twirls his tail of malignity, and shuns you; turning back, as he goes off, a staring vindictive face, full of horrid oaths and unforgiveness; seeming to say, “Perdition catch you! I hate you for ever.” But the Dog is my delight:—tread on *his* tail or foot, he expresses, for a moment, the uneasiness of his feelings; but in a moment the complaint is ended. He runs around you; jumps up against you; seems to declare his sorrow for complaining, as it was not intentionally done, nay, to make himself the aggressor; and begs, by whinings and lickings, that Master will think of it no more. Many a time, when Ranger, wishing for a little sport, has run to the gun, smelt to it, then wriggling his tail, and, with eyes full of the most expressive fire, leaped up against me, whining and begging, have I, against my inclination, indulged him with a scamper through the woods or in the field: for many a time he has left a warm nest, among the snows of winter, to start pleasure for *me*. Thus is there a moral obligation between a Man and a Dog.

THE

THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

THE old Shepherd's Dog, like his master, was gray ;
His teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue ;
Yet where'er CORIN went, he was follow'd by *Tray* ;
Thus happy through life did they hobble along.

When, fatigu'd, on the grafs the Shepherd would lie,
For a nap in the fun—'midst his slumbers so sweet,
His faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
Plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.

When WINTER was heard on the hill and the plain,
And torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
If CORIN went forth 'mid the tempests and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.

At length in the straw *Tray* made his last bed ;
For vain, against death, is the stoutest endeavour—
To lick CORIN's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
Then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah ! clos'd them
for ever.

Not long after *Tray* did the Shepherd remain,
Who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend ;
And, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor swain,
“ O bury me, neighbours, beside my old Friend !”

NOTWITHSTANDING the general contempt of poor STERNHOLD and HOPKINS, of *psalm-inditing* memory, I do not deem them beneath the dignity of *some imitation*. I fear that too many a Poet of the present day is affected (if I may coin an expression) with a *Phusi-phobia*, or a dread of nature and simplicity; and, if I may judge from the *difficulty* of comprehending their meaning, they fancy OBSCURITY to be the genuine parent of the SUBLIME. In the following Ballad I have endeavoured to steer between the *two*, assuming a little liberty with historical truth respecting JENNY and the celebrated AULD ROBIN.

JENNY'S COMPLAINT.

The night was still, and full of fear,
And all the world seem'd dead;
When, pond'ring on poor Robin Gray,
I went with sighs to bed.

There, while my heart did heave with grief,
The moon, that wand'rer pale,
In at my window peep'd and shin'd
So faint against the wall.

E

I clos'd

I clos'd my eye in vain to sleep,
And sigh'd " Ah ! well-a-day !"
For then I dwelt on my dear love,
My buried Robin Gray.

As on my arm I lean'd my head,
All dreary and forlorn,
My hair did drink the briny tears
That down my cheek did mourn.

Sudden a cloud, like ink so black,
The moon's pale face o'ercaft ;
The window shook, and horror howl'd,
Amid the hollow blast.

The oaks that proudly look'd on high,
Their lofty heads bent low,
And 'midst their mighty branches roar'd,
As if they scorn'd to bow.

But, like a giant in his course,
The storm went rushing on,
Scattering their limbs and leaves so thick,
As heedless what was done.

Now

Now thunder from the black cloud broke,
And terrified the night,
And lightnings, with a dangerous blaze,
Made all the darknefs bright.

But my poor bleeding heart forlorn
Did fink with no difmay,
Since often it had wish'd to *die*
For dear auld Robin Gray.

Now did a fpectre form appear,
All aged, pale, and wan ;
And, by his vifage, I could fpy
He was my loft auld Man.

Now on my bed-fide did he fit,
As harmlefs as a dove ;
And though he had two hollow eyes,
They look'd with tend'reft love.

Forth from their fockets then did rufh
Full many a drop of woe :
So from the cave or rugged rock
The pearly waters flow.

“Jesu!” I cry’d, and stretch’d my arms
To clasp him round the waist;
But nought of his poor spectre drear
My longing arms embrac’d.

“Oh! Jenny (then he said), in vain
“Thy arms would clasp me in;
“For Spirits, such as thou behold’st,
“Have neither bones nor skin.”

Full on his visage did I gaze,
All hurried with surprise;
And, eager to devour each look,
My soul rush’d through my eyes.

Now did I strive to catch his hand,
That press’d so often mine;
But ’twas in vain—’twas nought but air,
Which made my heart to pine.

And yet his hands so shrivell’d were,
As made of flesh and blood:
But God knows best what should be done,
And God is very good.

And

“ And art thou happy then,” I cry’d,
“ In this thy present state ?”
He smil’d like Angels then, and said,
“ God well hath chang’d my fate.

“ Let innocence, O Jane, be thine,
“ And peace shall dwell with thee ;
“ And when just Heaven shall call thee hence,
“ With Robin thou shalt be.”

With that he look’d a sweet farewell,
And rais’d each wetted eye ;
Then glided off, and, as he went,
I heard the kindest sigh.

“ Adieu !” I cry’d, half choak’d with grief,
“ Soul of my soul, adieu !
“ My bosom throbs to leave this world,
“ And thy dear flight pursue.

“ But Robin, Robin, stay awhile ;
“ Ah ! stay awhile,” I said—
“ As Jemmy is come home from sea,
“ May I with Jemmy wed ?”

But Robin answer'd not a word,
But off his ghost did go ;
Which made me wonder—but perhaps
His ghost had answer'd, “No.”

Auld Robin's kindneſſes to me,
Whilst we in love did live,
Deſerve more *ſtreams* from theſe ſad eyes,
Than they have *drops* to give.

The evening that he fought his grave
Did wear a diſmal gloom ;
And all who did the burying ſee,
With eyes ſo red went home.

The honeſt tribute of their tears,
I thought was ſweeteſt fame ;
And when I die, God grant my bier
Be ſprinkled with the ſame !

The harmleſs children, too, in bands,
Did pour their little ſighs,
And on the coffin near the grave
They ſtrain'd their wat'ry eyes.

And

And when into the earth below
His corpse at length was giv'n,
They look'd towards each other's eyes,
And sigh'd, "He's gone to Heaven."

Then on his grave they sat them down,
And sigh'd his name with praise,
Till all the little wights did wish
To be auld Robin Grays.

ODE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LOVE is a pretty passion, to be sure;
And long, say I indeed, may LOVE endure!
Yet now and then to PRUDENCE should it look—
Yes, take a little leaf from WISDOM's book.

Our boys, alas! begin too soon to sigh,
Mourn the pierc'd heart, and lay them down to die;
Just like expiring swans, with tuneful breath,
Sweet rhyming in the agonies of death.

Too soon the girls abuse of pens the nib,
 And pour their little groaning souls on paper :
 LOVE should not come till TIME removes the bib ;
 Misses should learn to *walk* before they *caper*.

LOVE, though it deals in *sweets*, has many *sours* ;
 It does not always furnish happy hours,
 Putting us oft in dismal situations :
 The novelty sets people's souls a longing—
 What thousands to their ruin thus are thronging !
 Indeed we see the evil in all nations.

I fear LOVE does at times a deal of harm :
 It keeps the world alive, it is confess'd ;
 So far, indeed, I like the pleasing charm—
 Yet, yet, through LOVE, what thousands are distress'd !

“ Give me,” exclaims the YOUTH, “ but heav'nly kissing,
 “ And lo, I seek nought else—for nought is missing :
 “ Let me for ever dwell on CHLOE's lip ;
 “ On CHLOE's bosom let me only lie ;
 “ There pour in sweetest ecstasy the sigh,
 “ And, like the bee, the honey'd treasure sip.

“ I heed

"I heed not fragrant wines, nor flesh, nor fish ;

"CHLOE is all I want, and all I wish !"

And thus again the raptur'd NYMPH exclaims,

"Sweet are of LOVE the sighs, and dear the flames !

"LOVE smiles away the dark'ning clouds of life :

"LOVE feels no rains, nor storms, nor pinching cold :

"LOVE wants not fire nor candle, meat, clothes, gold :

"ALL bliss is center'd in that one word—*Wife*."

THE OWL AND PARROT.

AN OWL fell desp'rately in love, poor soul !

Sighing and hooting in his lonely hole—

A PARROT the dear object of his wishes,

Who in her cage enjoy'd the loaves and fishes,

In short, had all she wanted—meat and drink,

Washing and lodging—full enough, I think.

'Squire OWL most musically tells his tale ;

His oaths, his squeezes, kisses, sighs, prevail :

POLL cannot bear, poor heart, to hear him grieve ;

So opes her cage, without a "*By your leave* ;"

Are married, go to bed with raptur'd faces,

Rich words, and so forth—usual in such cases.

G

A day

A day or two pass'd amorously sweet ;

Love, kissing, cooing, billing, all their meat :

At length they both felt hungry—"What's for dinner ?

"Pray what have we to eat, my dear?" quoth POLL.—

"Nothing! by all my wisdom," answer'd OWL ;

"I never thought of that, as I'm a finner ;

"But, POLL, on something I shall put my pats—

"What say'st thou, DEARY, to a dish of rats?"

"*Rats*, MISTER OWL! d'ye think that I'll eat *rats*?

"Eat them yourself, or give them to the cats,"

Whines the poor Bride, now bursting into tears.—

"Well, POLLY, would you rather dine on *mouse*?

"I'll catch a few, if any in the house ;

"Thou shalt not starve, LOVE, so dispel thy fears."

"I won't eat rats—I won't eat mice—I won't :

"Don't tell me of such dirty vermin—don't :

"O that within my cage I had but tarried!"

"POLLY," quoth OWL, "I'm sorry, I declare,

"So delicate, you relish not our fare—

"You should have thought of that before you *married*."

This fable aptly also will apply
To Frenchmen—*Sans-culottes*-men.—Ah! how? why?

The French are changeful fellows, all must grant;
Cameleons—but, ah! changing for the worse:
Poor ignorants, scarce knowing what they want;
Bart'ring too often blessings for a curse.

All good, in one word, NOVELTY, they see!
So strong within them is of change the leaven:
A Frenchman's flutt'ring soul would feel *ennui*
E'en midst the blessed constancy of *Heaven*!

A N A N A C R E O N T I C.

T O A K I S S.

SOFT child of LOVE—thou balmy bliss,
Inform me, O delicious KISS,
Why thou so suddenly art gone?
Lost in the moment thou art won?

Yet go—for wherefore should I sigh?
On DELIA's lip, with raptur'd eye,
On DELIA's blushing lip I see
A thousand full as sweet as *thee*.

A PANE-

A PANEGYRIC ON TEA,
By KIEN LONG.

WRITTEN IN HIS TENT, DURING A HUNTING EXCURSION, NEAR MOUKDEN.

MEI-HOA ché pou yao
Fo-cheou hiang tsie kié,
Soung-che ouei fang ny;
San pin tchou tsing kúé.
Pong y tché kio tang,
Ou tché tcheng koang hiué,
Houo heou pien yu hié,
Ting yen y cheng mié.
Yué Ngueou po sien jou,
Tan lou ty tchan yué,
Ou yun king tai pan
Ko ou, pou ko choué.
Fou fou teou lo ty
Ho ho yun kiang tché
Ou-tsuen y ko tsan
Lin-fou chang ché pié.
Lan ku Tchao-tcheou ngan
Po siao Yu-tchouan kiu
Han siao ting sing leou
Kou yué kan hiuen tsué.
Joan pao tchen ki yu
Tsiao king sing ou kié.
Kien-long ping-yn
Siao tchun yu Ty.

A TRANSLA-

A T R A N S L A T I O N

OF THE PRECEDING

IMPERIAL PANEGYRIC ON TEA.

THE flow'r *Mebó* is not so bright,
And yet it gives the eye delight ;
It likewise has a charming smell :
The pines, too, are a pretty fruit,
That much indeed my palate suit,
And much in flavour, too, excel.

Get an old kettle, if you please,
For such a thing is found with ease,
That has three legs—and therefore shows
Its ancient services ;—then fill
With water, and, what's best, the rill,
The lucid rill, from melted snows.

Heat in this kettle, to your wish,
The water fit to boil a fish,
Or turn the blackest lobster red ;
Pour then the water on the tea,
Then drink it, and 'twill drive, d'ye see,
All the blue devils from your head.

H

Far

Far from the toil of state affairs
 I steal away, to drown my cares,
 For which I take of tea a cup ;
 And then I snap the rich *Fochu*,
 Fine to the taste, and to the view ;
 And then again the tea I sup.

Now on the rare *Mebó* I gaze ;
 Now of the ancients, with amaze,
 I think—and also with delight ;
 And now upon the great O T S E ' N,
 The best and frugallest of men,
 Who liv'd on pine from morn to night.

With envy on this mighty man I think !
 And then I drink :
 Then I crack nuts, and eat the kernels too ;
 Then think on that great gard'ner, great L I N F O U .

When, lo ! I pass from great L I N F O U
 To that great Prince, yclept T C H A O - T C H E O U ;—
 Then upon Y O U - T C H O U A N I ponder :
 Thus do I sit, and eat, and drink, and wonder.

The *first*, my fancy plainly sees
 Surrounded by all sorts of trees ;

Now

Now tasting *this* rich fruit, now *that* so fine :
 I mark the *second* quaffing the rich water ;
 But, knowing very little of the matter,
 Thank Heav'n *his* vulgar taste was never *mine*.

I hear, I hear the evening drum
 Sounding aloud, " Go to bed, Tom !"
 Good me ! how pleasant is the starry night !
 Lo, on each dish, and silver spoon,
 And plate, and porringer, the moon
 Peeps through my tent with friendly light.

Now, this is charming, I must own ;
 My stomach, too, so easy grown !
 And now I'll take a nap—thus ends my song,
 Compos'd by *me* (a humble Bard) KIEN LONG.

ODE TO COFFEE.

IN THE MANNER OF KIEN LONG.

DELICIOUS Berry, but, ah ! best
 When from the Eastern Ind, not West ;
 Nought richer is, I think, than *thee* :—
 Into a roaster, with my hand,
 I put thee, and then o'er thee stand,
 And then I catch thy smell with glee.

And now I shake thee round about ;
 And, when turn'd brown, I take thee out,
 And then I put thee in a mill ;
 And, when to powder thou art crush'd,
 Into a tin pot thou art push'd,
 To feel the boiling smoking rill.

And now from my tin pot's long nose
 The fragrant fluid sweetly flows ;
 And now I put the lily cream,
 And sugar too, the best of brown ;
 And, happy, now I gulp thee down,
 Keeping my nose upon the steam.

On HASTINGS now my senses work ;
 And now on virtuous EDMUND BURKE,
 Who calmly let SIR THOMAS 'scape :
 And then unto myself I say,
 " Is honour dead ? ah, well-a-day !"
 And then my mouth begins to gape.

Now on SIR JOSEPH BANKS I ponder,
 And now at his rare merit wonder,
 In flies and tadpoles deep ;
 And now to many a drowsy head
 I hear the drowsy BLAGDON* read,
 And then I fall asleep.

* Sir Joseph's right hand, and Secretary to the Royal Society ; who has very often read the very respectable meetings of the Royal Society to slumber.

O D E.

W H E N F L A T T ' R Y sings, A G E opes his eyes so clear,
And claps so brisk the trumpet to his ear,

So *wond'rously* inspir'd he lifts, and fees !

When F L A T T ' R Y sings, pale C O L I C ' s pains are off ;

C O N S U M P T I O N pants not, but forgets his cough ;

And A S T H M A ' s loaded lungs forbear to wheeze.

Stung is the soul with H Y P ' s rope-off'ring evils ?

F L A T T ' R Y ' s a talisman to drive the devils.

Sweet on the list'ning ear of stilly N I G H T,

As warbling dyeth P H I L O M E L A ' s song ;

So on the ear of man, with rich delight,

The lulling music flows from F L A T T ' R Y ' s tongue.

Shew me the man, and I will thank thee for it,

Who says, with truth, " Poh ! Flatt'ry ! I abhor it. " —

'Tis a *non-descript* — by S I R J O S E P H bred —

A S O H O *monster*, born without a head.

F L A T T ' R Y ' s a perfect mistress of her art ;

With picklock keys to open ev'ry heart.

I

What

What mortal can withstand the fire of FLATT'RY ?
 No one ! 'tis such a most successful batt'ry.
 No head, however thick, resists its shot ;
 Yet each pretends to mock it !—what a sot !

SUSAN AND THE SPIDER.

“ COME down, you toad,” cry'd SUSAN to a Spider,
 High on the gilded cornice a proud rider,
 And, wanton, swinging by his filken rope ;
 “ I'll teach thee to spin cobwebs round the room ;
 “ You're now upon some murder, I presume—
 “ I'll *blefs* thee—if I don't, say I'm no Pope.”

Then SUSAN brandish'd her long brush,
 Determin'd on a fatal push,
 To bring the rope-dancer to ground,
 And all his schemes of death confound.

The Spider, blest with oratory grace,
 Slipp'd down, and, staring SUSAN in the face,
 “ Fie, SUSAN ! lurks there murder in *that* heart ?
 “ O barb'rous, lovely SUSAN ! I'm amaz'd !
 “ O can that form, on which so oft I've gaz'd,
 “ Possess of cruelty the flightest part ?

“ Ah! can that swelling bosom of delight,
 “ On which I’ve peep’d with wonder many a night,
 “ Nay, with these fingers *touch’d* too, let me say,
 “ Contain a heart of cruelty?—no, no!
 “ That bosom, which exceeds the new-fall’n snow,
 “ All softness, sweetness, one eternal May.”

“ How!” SUSAN screech’d, as with disorder’d brain—
 “ How, IMPUDENCE! repeat those words again:
 “ Come, come, confess with honesty—speak, speak,
 “ Say, did you *really* crawl upon my neck?”

“ SUSAN, by all thy heav’nly charms, I did;
 “ I saw thee sleeping by the taper’s light;
 “ Thy cheek, so blushful, and thy breast so white:
 “ I could not stand it, and so down I slid.”

“ You did, sweet Mister Spider? so you *jaw*!”
 “ Ye, SUSAN! NATURE’s is a pow’rful law.”

“ Arn’t you a murd’rer?” gravely SUSAN cries;
 “ Arn’t you for ever busy with that claw,
 “ Killing poor unoffending little flies,
 “ Merely to satisfy your nasty maw?”

“ But, SUSAN, don’t you feed on gentle *lamb*?
 “ Don’t you on pretty little *pigeons* cram?

“ Don’t

“ Don’t you on harmless *fishes* often dine ?”

“ That’s very true,” quoth SUSAN, “ true indeed ;

“ Lord ! with what eloquence these Spiders plead !

“ This little rascal beats a grave DIVINE.

“ It was no snake, I verily believe,

“ But a fly *spider* that seduc’d poor EVE.

“ But then you are so *ugly*.”—“ Ah ! sweet SUE,

“ I did not make myself, you know too well :

“ Could I have made *myself*, I had been *you*,

“ And kill’d with envy ev’ry beauteous BELLE.”

“ Heav’ns ! to this Spider!—what a ’witching tongue !

“ Well ! go about thy bus’ness—go along ;

“ All animals indeed their food must get :

“ And hear me—shouldst thou look, with longing eyes,

“ At any time on young, fat, luscious flies,

“ I’ll drive the little rascals to thy net.

“ Lord ! then how blind I’ve been to form and feature !

“ I think a Spider, *now*, a comely creature !”

V E R S E S

T O A

W H I T E S A T I N P E T T I C O A T ,

*Belonging to Miss MOLLY M——, but spoiled by the Author's inadvertent
Stupidity, in throwing on it a Cup of Coffee.*

O FAIR protectress of the fairest MAID,
How shall the POET for his crime atone?
So lately blest as thou, I'm fore afraid
I have no recompence to offer!—*none!*

But MOLLY parts with thee with pitying eye!
Then from this moment do not *dare complain*:
Nay, more—the NYMPH surveys thee with a *sigh*—
Then *boast!*—the *envy* thou, of ev'ry swain.

 THE TINKER, AND MILLER'S DAUGHTER.

A T A L E.

T H E meanest creature *somewhat* may contain,
A S P R O V I D E N C E ne'er makes a thing *in vain*.

Upon a day, a poor and trav'ling Tinker,
On FORTUNE'S various tricks a constant thinker,
Pass'd in some village near a Miller's door;

K

Where,

Where, lo ! his eye did most astonish'd catch
 The Miller's daughter peeping o'er the hatch,
 Deform'd, and monstrous ugly, to be sure.

Struck with th' uncommon form, the Tinker *started*,
 Just like a frighten'd horse, or murd'rer carted,

Up gazing at the gibbet and the rope :
 Turning his brain about, in a brown study,
 (For, as I've said, his brain was not so muddy)

“ 'Sbud ! (quoth the Tinker) I have now some hope ;

“ FORTUNE, the jade, is not far off, perchance”—
 And then began to rub his hands, and dance.

Now all so full of love, o'erjoy'd he ran,
 Embrac'd and squeez'd MISS GRIST, and thus began :

“ My dear, my soul, my angel, sweet MISS GRIST,
 “ Now may I never mend a kettle more,
 “ If ever I saw one like *you* before !”

Then, “ nothing loth,” like Eve, the nymph he kiss'd.

Now, very sensibly indeed, MISS GRIST
 Thought opportunity should not be miss'd ;
 Knowing that PRUDERY oft lets slip a joy :
 Thus was MISS GRIST too *prudent* to be *coy*.

For

For really 'tis with girls a dangerous farce,
To flout a swain, when offers are but scarce.

She did not *scream*, and cry, "I'll not be woo'd ;
" Keep off, you smutty fellow—don't be rude ;
" I'm meat for your superiors, Tinker."—*No*,
Indeed she treated not the Tinker so.

But lo, the damsel, with her usual squint,
Suffer'd her Tinker lover to imprint

Sweet kisses on her lip, and squeeze her hand,
Hug her, and say the softest things unto her,
And in Love's plain and pretty language woo her,
Without a frown, or e'en a reprimand.

Soon won, the NYMPH agreed to join his bed,
And, when the Tinker chose, to church be led.

Now to the FATHER the brisk LOVER hied,
Who at his noisy mill so busy plied,
Grinding, and taking *handsome* toll of corn,
Sometimes indeed *too handsome* to be borne.

" Ho ! Master Miller !" did the Tinker say—
Forth from his cloud of flour the Miller came :
" Nice weather, Master Miller—charming day—
" God's very kind"—the Miller said the *same*.

" Now,

“ Now, Miller, possibly you may not guess .

“ At this same business I am come about :

“ ’Tis this then—know, I love your daughter BESS :—

“ There, Master Miller !—now the riddle’s *out*.

“ I’m not for mincing matters, Lord ! d’ye see—

“ I *likes* your daughter BESS, and she likes *me*.”

“ Poh !” quoth the Miller, grinning at the Tinker,

“ Thou dost not mean to marriage to persuade her ;

“ Ugly as is the Dev’l I needs must think her,

“ Though, to be sure, ’tis said, ’twas *me* that *made* her.

“ No, no, though she’s my daughter, I’m not *blind* :

“ But, Tinker, what hath now possess’d thy mind ?

“ Thou’rt the first offer she has met, by *Gad*—

“ But tell me, Tinker, art thou drunk, or mad ?”

“ No—I’m not drunk, nor mad,” the Tinker cry’d,

“ But BET’s the maid I wish to make my bride ;

“ No girl in these two eyes doth BET excel.”

“ Why, fool, (the Miller said) BET hath a *bump* !

“ And then her *nose* !—the nose of my old pump.”

“ I know it (quoth the Tinker), know it well.”

- “ Her *face* (quoth GRIST) is freckled, wrinkled, flat ;
 “ Her mouth as wide as that of my TOM CAT ;
 “ And then she squints a thousand ways at once—
 “ Her waist, a corkscrew ; and her hair, how red !
 “ A downright bunch of carrots on her head—
 “ Why what the dev’l is got into thy sconce ?”

 “ No dev’l is in *my* sconce,” rejoin’d the Tinker ;
 “ But, Lord ! what’s that to *you*, if *fine*, I think her ?

 “ Why, man (quoth GRIST) she’s fit to make a SHOW,
 “ And therefore fure I am that thou must banter !”
 “ Miller ! (reply’d the Tinker) right ! for know,
 “ ’Tis for that *very thing*, a SHOW, I want her.”

M E L A N C H O L Y.

HERMIONE.

A SIGHING solitary form I roam ;
 A tear on NATURE’S universal smile !
 Thou GENIUS of my natal hour, whose hand
 Pierces my moments with the thorns of woe,
 When will the measure of my grief be full ?
 When will the silent asp of hopeless love

L

Withdraw

Withdraw his fang of torment from my heart ?
 How lately joy was mine !—but where is joy,
 That cheerful pour'd a sunshine o'er my soul ?
 Gone ! like the last, last sun, to sink in night,
 NATURE's last night, and gild a morn no more !

Enter CAMILLA.

My lov'd *Hermione*, I heard thy sigh,
 And left my sleep to soften thy affliction.
 Why killest thou that gentle frame with weeping ?
 Sorrowing, thou seemest to *delight* in woe,
 And feed existence upon sighs and tears.

HERMIONE.

Camilla, the dread silence of the hour
 Suits but too well the colour of my soul.
 NIGHT, who to *others* brings the balm of sleep,
 And happy dreams to soothe the peaceful breast,
 Pours on *my* wakeful eye, far diff'rent guests ;
 The foulest, darkest demons of despair.
 Lorn, at the midnight hour, when all is hush'd,
 I wander restless ; sadly now I sit,
 My brimfull eyes for hours both motionless,
 Swimming with woe, towards the passing MOON,

Who

Who on me, as she lonely glides along,
Casts a pale beam of melancholy light,
That seems a ray of pity on my fate.

THE DRUID HYMN TO THE SUN.

O SACRED fount of life to ALL !
Before thy glorious beam we fall,
And strike with raptur'd hand the lyre ;
To thee we lift our wond'ring eyes ;
To thee the hymn of morn shall rise,
And bless thy mounting orb of fire.

Chorus.

Hail to that ORB, from whose rich fountain flow
Beams that illumine and glad the world below.

Unseen by thee had NATURE mourn'd ;
No smile her Æthiop cheek adorn'd ;
Pale NIGHT had spread her spectre'd reign,
And death-like HORROR rul'd the scene.

Chorus.

All hail the beams that NIGHT destroy,
 And wake an opening world to joy !
 Bright spreading o'er the VAST of gloom,
 That chase the spectres to their tomb.

T O C H L O E.

CHLOE, no more must we be billing—
 There goes my last, my poor last shilling :
 Vile FORTUNE bids us part !
 Yet, CHLOE, this my bosom charms,
 That, when thou'rt in another's arms,
 I still possess thy *heart*.

FORTUNE's a whimsical old Dame,
 And possibly may blush with shame
 At this her freak with *me* :
 But should she smile *again*, and offer,
 Well fill'd with gold, an ample coffer,
 I'll send the key to *Thee*.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

WELCOME, thou MAN of Sorrows, to my door !
A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find ;
And lo, thy guiding DOG my care implores !
O haste, and shelter from th' unfeeling wind.

Alas ! shall MIS'RY seek my cot with sighs,
And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear ;
Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,
And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear ?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow :
Bend not to me, because I mourn distress ;
I am *thy* debtor—much to *thee* I owe ;
For learn—the greatest blessing is to *bless*.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
And quiv'ring lip, to fancy seem to say,
“ A more than *common* BEGGAR we bespeak ;
“ A form that once has known a happier day.”

M

Thy

Thy fightless orbs, and venerable beard,
 And, press'd by weight of years, thy palsied head,
 Though silent, speak with tongues that *must* be heard,
 Nay, must *command*, if VIRTUE be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,
 Shall give the village-lads the soften'd soul,
 To aid the victims of LIFE's frequent storm,
 And smooth the furies that around them roll ;

Teach them, that POVERTY may MERIT shroud ;
 And teach, that VIRTUE may from MISERY spring ;
 Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,
 That spreads on NATURE's smile its raven wing.

O let *me* own the heart which pants to *blest* ;
 That nobly scorns to hide the useless store ;
 But looks around for objects of distress,
 And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor !

When Heaven on man is pleas'd its wealth to show'r,
 Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow !
 To raise pale MERIT in her hopeless hour,
 And lead DESPONDENCE from the tomb of WOE !

Lo, not the *little birds* shall chirp in vain,
And, hov'ring round me, vainly court my care ;
While I possess the life-preserving grain,
Welcome ye chirping tribe to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at SPRING's return,
And hear while SUMMER spreads her golden store ;
Yet, when the gloom of WINTER bids ye mourn,
Heed not the plaintive voice that *charm'd* before !

Since FORTUNE, to my cottage not unkind,
Strews with *some* flow'rs the road of life for *me*,
Ah ! can humanity desert my mind ?
Shall I not soften the rude flint for Thee ?

Then welcome, BEGGAR, from the rains and snow,
And warring elements, to warmth and peace ;
Nay, thy companion too shall comfort know,
Who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.

And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate ;
Now on his Master turns his gladden'd eyes ;
Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut

A hut is mine, amidst a shelt'ring grove :
 A Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise ;
 There shall the village children shew their love,
 And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
 Charm thee with orisons to opening day ;
 And there the red-breast, on the leafless thorn,
 At eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.

When FATE shall call thee from a world of woe,
 Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes ;
 With tears, behold thy gentle spirit go,
 And wish to join its passage to the skies.

ANACREONTIC SONG.

TO MY LUTE.

WHAT shade and what stillness around !
 Let us seek the lov'd cot of the FAIR ;
 There soften her sleep with thy sound,
 And banish each phantom of care.

The

The VIRGIN may wake to thy strain,
And be sooth'd, nay, be *pleas'd* with thy song :
Alas ! she may *pity* the swain,
And fancy his sorrows too long.

Could thy voice give a smile to her cheek,
What a joy, what a rapture were mine !
Then for ever thy fame would I speak—
O my Lute, what a triumph were thine !

Ah ! whisper kind love in her ear,
And sweetly my wishes impart ;
Say, the swain who adores her, is near ;
Say, thy sounds are the sighs of his heart.

A PASTORAL SONG.

FAREWELL, O farewell to the day,
That smiling with happiness flew !
Ye verdures and blushes of MAY,
Ye songs of the linnet, adieu !

N

In

In tears from the vale I depart ;
In anguish I move from the FAIR :
For what are those scenes to the heart
Which FORTUNE has doom'd to despair ?

LOVE frowns, and how dark is the hour !
Of RAPTURE, departed the breath !
So gloomy the grove and the bow'r,
I tread the pale valley of DEATH.

With envy I wander forlorn,
At the breeze which her beauty has fann'd ;
And I envy the bird on the thorn,
Who sits watching the crumbs from her hand.

I envy the lark o'er her cot,
Who calls her from slumber, so blest ;
Nay, I envy the nightingale's note,
The Syren who sings her to rest.

On her hamlet, *once more* let me dwell—
One look ! (the *last* comfort !) be mine—
O PLEASURE, and DELIA, farewell !
Now, SORROW, I ever am *thine*.

TAX not, O Parson, the GREAT AUTHOR OF NATURE
with cruelty to his creatures.

Too often dost thou impudently endeavour to put off
thy folly for his wisdom.

Thy anathemas are not *his* anathemas; nor is *his* morality
thy morality.

O think not, that, like the LORD MAYOR of LONDON, he
punisheth the sale of every article on the Sabbath-day,
except *Milk* and *Mackarel*.

G O O D F R I D A Y.

SIR HARRY, a high priest, and deep divine,
Ambitious much 'mid *modern* Saints to shine,

On a Good Friday evening took an airing:—
Not far had he proceeded, ere a sound
Did the two ears of this *good* priest *astound*;

Such as loud laughs, commix'd with some small fwearing.

Now in an orchard peep'd the Knight so fly,
With such a staring, rolling, frenzied eye;

Where, lo! a band of rural fwains were blest:—

Too proud to *join* the *crew*, he wav'd his hand,
Beck'ning to this unholy playful band—

Forth came a *boy*, obedient to the Priest.

“What wicked things are ye all doing here,

“On this most solemn day of all the year?”—

“Playing *to skittles*,” said the simple lad :

“Playing at skittles!—Devils, are ye mad ?

“For *what* ?”—“A Jack-*afs*, Sir,” the boy replies—

“A *Jack-afs* !” roars the Priest, with wolf-like eyes :

“Run, run, and tell them HEAV'N will not be sham'm'd—

“Tell them this instant, that they'll all be *damn'd*.”

“I *wull*, SIR HARRY—*ifs*, I *wull*, SIR HARRY”—

Then off he fet, th' important news to carry ;

To warn them what dread torments would ensue :

But suddenly the scamp'ring lad turn'd round,

And thus, with much simplicity of sound,

“SIR HARRY, must the *Jack-afs* be *damn'd* too ?”

O D E

TO A

P R E T T Y B A R - M A I D.

SWEET NYMPH, with teeth of pearl, and dimpled chin,
And roses that would tempt a faint to fin,

Daily to thee so constant I return ;
Whose smile improves the coffee's ev'ry drop,
Gives tenderness to ev'ry steak and chop,
And bids our pockets at expences spurn.

What YOUTH, well powder'd, of pomatum smelling,
Shall on that lovely bosom fix his dwelling ?

Perhaps the WAITER, of himself so full !
With *thee* he means the coffee-house to quit ;
Open a tavern, and become a *cit*,
And proudly keep the head of the *Black Bull*.

'Twas *here* the WITS of ANNA's Attic age
Together mingled their poetic rage ;

Here PRIOR, POPE, and ADDISON, and STEELE ;
Here PARNELL, SWIFT, and BOLINGBROKE, and GAY,
Pour'd their keen prose, and tun'd the merry lay,
Gave the fair toast, and made a hearty meal.

O

'Twas

'Twas *here*, o'er fragrant coffee to unbend,
 The WITS their epigrams so happy, penn'd,
 And bade in madrigals a CHLOE shine;
 A MIRA, a BELINDA, and a PHILLIS,
 Who boasted roses possibly, and lilies,
 Such as now deck that cheek and breast of thine.

NYMPH of the roguish smile, which thousands seek,
 Give me another, and *another* steak,
 A *kingdom* for another steak, but giv'n
 By *thy* fair hand, that shames the snow of heaven.

Give me a glass of punch, O smiling lass,
 And let thy luscious lip embalm the glass—

Touch it, and spread a charm around the brim:
 Health to thy beauties, NANCY, and may TIME
 Ne'er meddle with thy present healthful prime,
 Thy ringlets spoil, and eyes of di'monds dim.

Lo, from each box thy lute-ton'd voice to hear,
 YOUTH nimbly turns him round, with wanton leer;
 Nay, wrinkled AGE himself, with locks so white,
 Findeth *within* a kind of bastard fire,
 Whose mouth, poor cripple, watering with desire,
 Ope toothless on thy beauties in delight.

How for thy lamb-like flesh he seems to hunger !
He feels himself a pair of ages younger !

Tell me again, O NYMPH, *whose* happy arms
Are doom'd, for life, to circle those bright charms,
And to that bosom give brave girls and boys ?
That lucky lot, alas ! will ne'er be *mine*—
A gaze, a squeeze, perchance a kiss divine,
Must form the bounds, O NANCY, of my joys.

Yet if rich favours, far beyond a smile
So kind, thy Poet's moments to beguile,
Thou wishest to bestow !—in LOVE's name *give* 'em ;
And, thankful, on my *knees* will I *receive* 'em.

A N A C R E O N T I C.

S O N G.

W_HO dares talk of hours ? Seize the bell of that clock ;
Seize his hammer, and cut off his hands :
To the bottle, dear bottle, I'll stick like a rock,
And obey only PLEASURE's commands.

Let

Let him strike the short hours, and hint at a bed—
 Waiter, bring us more wine—what a whim!
 Say, that TIME, his old master, for *Topers* was made,
 And not jolly *Topers* for *him*.

O MAN, be not puffed up with the pride of offspring, as
 the triumphs of PAPA are too often smiled at in secret by
wiser MAMA.

ODE TO A HEDGE-SPARROW,
 NURSING A YOUNG CUCKOO.

AN, whining, anxious, restless bird!
 Thou art a fool, upon my word:
 Now on the bush, and now upon the ground;
 Now hov'ring o'er my head, and saying
 Such bitter things—now begging, praying,
 Poor wretch, surveying me so sharp all round.

Imploring me to leave the nest,
 Where all thy dearest wishes rest.

How busy thou in catching grub and fly,
 As soon as dewy morning paints the sky;

Now

Now twitt'ring near the nest such strains of joy,
Proclaiming to the world a hopeful boy!

Great is thy triumph in thy fancied child!
Immense thy pride—thy ecstasy how wild!

Yet not one trait of thee doth he display:
Indeed thou never didst *beget* the youth;
And more—to tell thee an unpleasant truth,
His *father* will be here the First of May.

Nor *singular* art thou—for, lo!
A little gamesome Knight *we* know,
Who fosters children—loves them to distraction;
Shews them about from morn to night,
Drinking such draughts of rich delight
From ev'ry feature—so much satisfaction!

Sees his *own* eyes, *own* mouth, *own* lip, *own* ear,
Own nose, *own* dimple, in each pretty DEAR!—
But who's the *real* parent?—Am'rous JOHN,
Good-natur'd fellow, made them *ev'ry one*.

T O A N A C R E O N.

GHOST of ANACREON; quit the shades,
 And with thee bring thy sweet old lyre;
 To praise the first of British Maids,
 Whose charms will set thy soul on fire.

But hold—'twere better keep away—
 Of justice must thy harp despair;
 Which suited very well *thy* day,
 That saw no Damsel half so fair.

 T H E C A P T I V E Q U E E N.

The Lines are supposed to be spoken by a Friend of the unfortunate
 ANTOINETTE.

W I T H radiance rose thy morning sun,
 Fair promise of a happy day;
 But, luckless, ere it reach'd its noon,
 The fiend of darkness dimm'd the ray.

What though the brightest gifts are thine,
And distant nations pour thy praise ;
While, raptur'd, on thy form divine
The eyes of LOVE and WONDER gaze ?

The voice of JOY, for ever mute,
Must yield to sighs that mourn in vain ;
And PITY, come with sweetest lute,
To soothe thy sorrows with her strain.

The Syren HOPE, who won thy ear,
Must charm no more the dangerous hour ;
The warning voice of ravens, hear,
That croak thy doom on yonder tow'r.

Yet what is life, 'mid HORROR's reign,
Where MURDER's triumph cleaves the sky ;
Where heaves with death the groaning scene,
And dungeons loud for vengeance cry ?

Yet what is life to spotless fame ?
And *thine* to latest time shall bloom—
The blow that sinks that beauteous frame
Gives all the VIRTUES to the tomb.

A N A-

ANACREONTIC.

FIE, SYLVIA! why so gravely look,
 Because a kifs or two I took?
 Those luscious lips might thousands grant—
 Rich rogues that never feel the want.
 So little in a kifs I fee,
 A hundred thou mayst take from *me*.

But since, like misers o'er their store,
 Thou hat'st to give, though running o'er;
 I scorn to cause the slightest pain,
 So pr'ythee take them back again;
 Nay, with good int'rest be it done—
 Thou'rt welcome to take ten for one.

T O T I M E.

O TIME, 'tis childish, let me say,
 To give, then take a grace away;
 The Damsel from her charms to sever,
 So pleas'd to keep them all *for ever*.

When

When CYNTHIA *tires* with conq'ring hearts,
 And says, "O TIME, *receive* my darts ;"
 Her beauties are a lawful prize—
 Then take the lightnings of her eyes.

Pluck all the roses from her cheek,
 And root the lilies from her neck ;
 Her dimples seize, her smile, her air,
 And with them make a thousand *fair*.

ODE TO JEALOUSY.

A VAUNT, thou squinting HAG, whose list'ning ear
 Seizes on every *whisper*—whose owl's eye,
 When NIGHT's dark mantle wraps the silent sphere,
 Stares watchful of each form that passeth by !

Thou Fiend, what bus'ness hast thou here on earth,
 Diffension-breeder, from thy very birth ?

How much more of the *serpent* than the *dove* !
 I cannot guess thine errand to this world—
 By *thee* is NATURE *topsy-turvy* hurl'd !
 And nearly ruin'd the soft land of LOVE !

Q

Speak

Speak I but to my neighbour's WIFE so *kind*,
 And say, "Pray how d'ye do, my *dearest* Ma'am?"
 Behold, a tempest swells the *husband's* mind,
 Who gives my sweet civility a d-mn:
 For, lo, thy wickedness at once *adorns*
 His trembling temples with a brace of horns.

The instant thou behold'st a married PAIR,
 Adieu, alas! the pleasures of the FAIR!
 Farewell, of BENEDICK, the wedded bliss!
 Scarce canst thou let the *honey-moon* go by,
 When, hark! the keen reproach!—the lady's sigh!
 Dead the fond squeeze, and mute the chirping kifs!

"Watch him"—thou whisper'st in the woman's ear,
 "Open his letters—pick his pockets, Ma'am—
 "Somewhat will be discover'd, never fear;
 "Something to dash the monster's cheek with shame.

"Ken him amid the harlots at the play;
 "Nor let your eyes a single moment stray:
 "He catches a lewd squint, if *yours* are blinkers:
 "Make him look strait on, forward to the *stage*;
 "And, on refusal, tell him, in a rage,
 "You'll give him, coach-horse like, a pair of *winkers*."

A N A-

ANACREONTIC.

O FAR from me those lightnings dart ;
 On others bid thy beauty shine :
 Beyond the hopes of this sad heart,
 I view that peerless form, to pine.

Whilst ev'ry shepherd sings her praise,
 'Tis mine of Sylvia to *complain* ;
 Made a poor pris'ner while I gaze,
 I feel in ev'ry smile a chain.

ODE TO THE LADIES OF ENGLAND.

PETER *more than suspecteth, that a few Passages of his Works have given offence to his fair Countrywomen—PETER's contrition thereat, and violent resolution.*

LADIES, I should be sorry—*griev'd* indeed,
 Could I once write what you would blush to read ;
 But that same Poet *clepped* JEAN FONTAINE
 Was verily the taste and admiration
 Of all the Ladies of the Gallic nation,
 Quoted and toasted o'er and o'er again.

What !

What! wound of *British Maids* the tender ear,
 Who, when to Nymphs of other realms compar'd,
 (And lo, on numbers have these eye-balls star'd)
 Are, as rich Burgundy to dead Small Beer!

Our Poet POPE, against a *naughty word*
 Protested—*seeming* too to shut his door;
 Pronouncing all obscenity, absurd—
 That ribaldry was folly—nothing more:
 Yet Master POPE, who DECENCY so flatters,
 Plumps boldly into certain wicked matters.

Now this I do dislike in Master POPE—
 At gluttony a man should never bark,
 On dainties, who is pleas'd his mouth to ope,
 And guttling swallow plates-full like a shark.

Miss HELOÏSE, that warm young lass, I ween,
 Says things that cover MODESTY with shame:
 I must confess I never saw *Nineteen*
 Pour such an Ætna forth of am'rous flame.

And lo again—the *Lock*, the ravish'd *Lock*!
 Too oft the lines give MODESTY a shock:

Warm inuendos bid her blushes rise :
Yes, often I've heard MODESTY declare
" That many a line indeed has made her *stare* ;
" She knew not where to look—where fix her eyes."

The *Wife of Bath*, and eke the lovely *May*,
Held language horrid for *our chaster day*.

Were PETER now to sing in such a style,
What Lady-mouth would yield the Bard a smile ?
No !—frowns would fill their faces in its stead.
And yet, ye Dames so chaste, those tales are read—
I see no lips with blushing anger ope,
And cry, " I loath the nasty leaves of POPE."

Nay more, my dear young Misses, and grave Dames,
Who read with fear my songs of darts and flames ;
Speak—is not POPE an *idol* 'mid your books ?
Does not *Saint Patrick's Dean*, so void of grace,
Among your leathern fav'rites shew his face,
Whose many a leaf should only lodge with *cooks* ?

Since then the lightnings of the Ladies eyes
Knock not the mem'ries of *those* Poets down,
It striketh me indeed with huge surprise,
That PETER's purer line should feel a frown.

R

They

They *wounded* MODESTY with verse unchaste ;
 I with a twig of Pindus scarcely *struck* her :
 They stripp'd her naked—I just clasp'd her waist,
 And delicately only touch'd her *tucker*.

Yet *is* there, *is* there *one* sweet British Prude,
 Who will not read my rhymes—mistrusting harm ?
 Let not my volumes on the NYMPH intrude,
 And ring to CHASTITY the wild alarm ;
 Make in her pretty panting heart a riot,
 Demanding months to bring it back its quiet.

Tales of a Damsel kind, and fighting Lover,
 Holding of LOVE's choice spice a little,
Might be indulg'd to warm Dame NATURE'S KETTLE,
 But not to bid it boil tempestuous over.

Ev'n AGE delighteth in an am'rous tale ;
 LOVE warms his inside like a pot of ale ;
 Thaws his cold heart, and makes it beat so cheery !
 His eyes, that, owl-like, wink'd upon the day,
 Burst open with a keen and twinkling ray,
 And, lo ! he hugs and kisses his old Deary.

Why then forbid them ?—such we must approve :
 And woe to mortals who are foes to LOVE !

As

As long as this our system holds together,
LOVE will stand brush, against all wind and weather.

Yet *should* my fav'rite British Maids and Dames
Refuse to read my rhymes on darts and flames,
And other pretty little trifling things,
The fount from which such nat'ral rapture springs ;

Ladies of FRANCE, I think my song
To *you* in future must belong :

Yes, yes, for *you* the Bard shall form the strain—
And then, who knows? *it may be so, I wot,*
The Dames may cry, “Those Islanders have got,
“Ye Gods! an *absolute* FONTAINE.

“Refuse to *read* him!—no, Heav'n bless him!—no:

“Lord! let his wild imagination flow—

“Banish the LOVES!—O what a Gothic sweep!

“The World at once, so dull, would fall asleep!”

So help me, GRACE! I ever meant to *please*—

E'en *now* would I ask pardon on my *knees*:

If aught I've finn'd, the stanza must not *live*—

Bring me the knife—I'll cut the wanton page,

Which puts my lovely readers in a rage:

But hark! they cry, “Barbarian, we forgive.”

A thousand

A thousand thanks t'ye all, my charming creatures;
 What goodness, kindness, reigns in female natures!

T O C Y N T H I A.

W_HA_T danger lurks in those bright eyes!
 Lo, by their fire thy Poet dies:

Yet bravely let me meet my doom—
 And since to *thee* I owe my death,
 I beg thee, with my parting breath,
 To let thy bosom be my tomb.

A N A C R E O N T I C.

A_H! wherefore did I daring gaze
 Upon the radiance of thy charms?
 And, vent'ring nearer to their rays,
 How dar'd I clasp thee in my arms?

That kifs will give my heart a pain,
 Which thy sweet pity will deplore:
 Then, CYNTHIA, take the kifs again,
 Or let me take ten thousand more.

HAPPY art thou, O Man, who wast not born amidst the luxuries of life.

Lucky art thou who canst eat the *simple* fare; whose nose turneth not up at a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, or bacon and eggs.

Health waketh with thee at morn, and accompanieth the slumbers of night.

Art thou an Alderman, and puttest pounds of turtle into thy paunch? thou devourest an apoplexy. Swallowest thou hot fauces? thou gulpest rheumatism and gout.

Say not wickedly, "I will not repeat the Lord's Prayer, as it is beneath a Gentleman to pray for *bread*."

Curse not sprats and flounders; peradventure sprats and flounders might blush to enter the doors of thy gullet.

Deem thyself not undone, because thou possessest not more than thou oughtest in reason to use.

Fortunate are thousands in having never been favourites of FORTUNE.

CONTENT figheth not for venison; she listeth not her eye to heaven for turbot.

She hateth not the sight of the sun at dinner-time; but preferreth his radiance, to the greasy light of a candle.

Read, and learn the inconveniences of luxury, from a Dog.

THE LADY'S LAP-DOG, AND THE COACHMAN.

CHLOE, a fav'rite of a rich old Dame,
 Was vastly delicate in all her frame;
 Could put down nought at last, but nice *tid-bits* :
 Nay oft, with much sollicitation too,
 Her Mistress was oblig'd to kifs and woo,
 For fear poor tender CHLOE might have *fits*.

Fat was our CHLOE—like a ball of greafe;
 So round, a foot-ball quite, and fair her fleece.

Oft on the Turkey carpet as she lay,
 And sleep o'er CHLOE's eye-lids did prevail;
 'Twas very very difficult to say
 Which was her *head* indeed, and which her *tail*.

At length it came to pass, that CHLO'
 Did fullennes and sickness show;
 So heavy leaving off her wanton capers;
 Gap'd, stretch'd, and lethargy she likewise shew'd,
 Was sick at stomach, (may I dare say *sp-w'd* ?)
 And seem'd, poor Dog, afflicted with the *vapours*.

My Lady took her pining to her arms,
Hugg'd her, and kiss'd her, full of sad alarms,
Fearing her poor dear little soul would *die* :
CHLOE was all stupidity and lumpish ;
Scarce lick'd her hand—so fullen and so *mumpish*,
Nor scarcely rais'd the white of either eye.

The Coachman's call'd—" O JEHU, CHLOE's ill ;
" Quite lost her appetite—she has no will
" To move, or say, poor soul, a single thing :
" JEHU, what can the matter be—d'ye know ?"
" I think, my Lady, I could *cure* Miss CHLO."—
" Dear JEHU, what delicious news you bring !

" Take her, then—take her, JEHU, to your room,
" And from her spirits drive this ugly gloom,
" And get her pretty appetite again."
" O good my Lady, never, never fear ;
" I understand her case—'tis very clear ;
" By heav'n's assistance, I sha'nt work in vain."

Now to his room the Coachman bore Miss Bitch,
Who, looking back all wistful, felt no itch
To go with JEHU—still he bears her on :—
Arriv'd, kind JEHU offers her a bone.

Miss

Miss CHLOE in a passion seeks the door :
 In vain—'tis shut—she lays her on the floor,
 And whines—gets up, all restless—looks about ;
 Watches the door so sly, and cocks her ears ;
 So pleas'd and nimble at each sound she hears,
 In hopes (vain hopes, alas !) of getting out.

CHLOE, like lightning, now resolves to pass,
 Bounce from her gaoler, through a pane of glass,
 And, by a leap, no more in prison groan ;
 But, fearing she might spoil her pretty chops,
 Nay, break her neck by chamber-window hops,
 CHLOE most wisely lets the leap alone.

JEHU now offer'd her a piece of liver :
 " CHLOE, do you love liver ?" JEHU said—
 " The devil take," she seem'd to say, " the giver :"
 So hurt the dog appear'd—then turn'd her head.

" Well, CHLOE, well—heav'n mend your proud digestion ;
 " To-morrow I shall ask you the same question."
 The morrow (ah ! a fulky morrow) came :
 CHLOE scarce slept a single wink all night ;
 Whining and groaning, longing much to *bite* ;
 Calling in vain upon my Lady's name.

" Well,

“ Well, CHLOE, can you taste your liver ? ” — “ No,
“ No, thank ye, JEHU. ” — “ Leave it, pretty CHLO. ”

The day pass'd on — no eating ? not a crumb.
Miss CHLOE crawl'd about the room, so sad,
Sulky and disappointed, angry, mad ;
Now moaning, now upon her rump so dumb.
At times, around on barb'rous JEHU squinting ;
Such looks ! not much *good will* to JEHU, hinting.

Another morning came — a liver meal —

“ CHLOE, how stands your stomach ? how d'ye feel ? ”

“ JEHU, I will *not* eat ? ” — JEHU goes out —
What does Miss CHLOE ? — With a nimble pace,
Runs to the liver, without faying grace,
Gobbling away, with appetite *so stout* ;

For now the liver seem'd to meet her wish,
And, not half satisfy'd, she *lick'd the dish* !

JEHU returns, and smiles — CHLOE grows good ;
Takes civilly a slice of musty bread ;
Rejects from JEHU's hand no kind of food ;
Glad on a *rind of Cheshire* to be fed.

T

JEHU

JEHU with CHLOE to my Lady goes,
 And, triumphing, his little patient shows ;
 Not once discovering the coarse mode of cure—
 JEHU had lost his place then to be sure.

My Lady presses CHLOE to her breast,
 Half crazy, hugging, kissing her—so blest
 To see her fav'rite CHLOE's chang'd condition :
 " Thank ye, good JEHU—Heav'ns, what skill is in ye !"
 Then into JEHU's hand she slips a guinea,
 And JEHU's thought a very fine physician.

ODE TO THE POET DELILLE.

PETER kindly congratulateth his Brother Poet on his lucky deliverance
 from a dungeon, and asketh him questions concerning his poetical feelings—
 Whether he meaneth to exalt CONVENTION, and debase poor BRITAIN ?
 —PETER adviseth the contrary, and telleth the Poet unpleasant truths,
 with a witty comparison.—PETER painteth, with the pencil of a
 GREAT MASTER, the portrait of a Frenchman, in which, impudence,
 insolence, ignorance, and savage cruelty, form the predominant features.

THRICE welcome from thy dungeon, poor DELILLE !
 Imprison'd, much (I guess) against thy will,
 By that unfeeling tyrant ROBERSPIERRE :

Set free from this fame death-encircled vault
By *one* (I fear me!) not *without a fault* ;
In short—I mean as *great a rogue*, BARRERE.

Dead is all dalliance with the Muse, I wonder :
The *guillotine's* high flood must damp thy fire :
The ax, which falls upon its prey in thunder,
Must bid thee touch with trembling hand the lyre.

But Bards, like birds, can seldom cease from singing :
Yes, on the Muse's bells thou *must* be ringing ;
Thou *wilt* indulge the fascinating chime,
Deaf to the oracle that cries “ Don't rhyme.”

Speak—wilt thou praise Convention for its *pow'r*,
Swear BRITAIN soon beneath its might must cow'r,
Just like the wren beneath the eagle's wing ?
Say, no such thing.

However grating to a Frenchman's ears,
We Britons, I protest, have no such fears :
FRANCE, to be sure, is huge—our Island little—
Yet spare upon our heads th' insulting spittle.

The colony of Teeth, though small,
Are little folks of *resolution* ;

And

And when upon their prey they fall,
Do a vast deal of execution.

I do assure thee, my enquiring eyes
Have found the *lubbers* of the *largest* size.

'Tis pleasant to behold a Frenchman gape
On the world's map :
Astonish'd on his view to see advance
Regions like *France* !

Thus I presume the solitary Mole
Deems the wide universe within his *bole*.

Yet let Monsieur, so happy, prate away ;
'Tis pity undeceive the popinjay.

Let the pert tripping prig pronounce with pride,
Barbarian, savage, all the world beside ;
It is his narrow nature—cease then blame :
In Afric I have seen on trees the apes
Mocking at man, with grins and antic shapes,
Who of *our species* thought the very same.

But *thou* shouldst shew more sense, my friend DELILLE :
Then pr'ythee take from me a little pill ;

Then

Perhaps 'tis somewhat *bitter*—never mind it :
It cureth puppyism—I hope thou'lt find it.

Pride not thyself because a *Frenchman born* ;
Thy fame is then upon the *hope forlorn* ;

Doom'd not far *distant* ages to explore :
Learn to *despise* thy COUNTRY—'tis a fool,
Cruel, and of HYPOCRISY's dark school,
Tyrannic, savage, rotten at the core.

So much for France—forgive me, lucky Bard—
But VICE should ever meet his fair reward :

Yes, let me drag the monster from his den—
This trifling Ode perchance may rouse thy gall ;
If *angry*, bid thy rage on *Justice* fall,
The goodly GODDESS who now guides my pen.

TRANSLATION FROM GALLUS.

AT morn, if CYNTHIA meet my sight,
'Tis sweet AURORA's blushing light ;
And if at eve she cross my way,
The star of VENUS darts its ray.

A SECOND ODE

TO THE

POET DELILLE.

PETER *proposeth* very important questions, and *suspecteth* MONSIEUR DELILLE of an inclination to whitewash the black faces of Devils—PETER *giveth* a sublime description of French Liberty—PETER *putteth* DELILLE in mind of NATURE's niggard allowance to every man of one head only, and of an inconvenience arising from the loss of it, on account of the difficulty of procuring another—PETER *sagely adviseth* him to beware of BARRERE, and think of a return to his dungeon—PETER *picturesquely describeth* the supports of French Liberty—*foretelleth* the humbled state of the mighty REFORMERS—PETER *objecteth* not to a general intellectual illumination, but seemeth to think that a Frenchman's attempt must produce only a national conflagration; PETER *thus fancying* every Frenchman a mad Quixote—PETER again *kindly inviteth* his brother Bard to England, and *concludeth* with a flaming trait of BARRERE.

Who that could save his ship, would suffer wreck?

Who warble with a rope about his neck?

Who in the Tiger's mouth would keep his head,

With pow'r to draw it from a place so dread?

Who, 'midst the Charnel's melancholy glooms,

Would mingle with the refuse of the tombs,

With legs to bear him to the fragrant day,

From reeking bones, and HORROR's haunt, away?

And

And yet thy song may stay perhaps to bless
 A dark divan of Devils—yes,
 Full of their deeds may flow the flatt'ring rhyme;
 Which song may stoutly swear that "ATHENS, ROME,
 "Ne'er rais'd to LIBERTY an *equal* dome,
 "So sacred, so stupendous, so divine!"

Yet what is it to REASON's sober eye?
 A monstrous *slaughter-house* that taints the sky:
 Within a day—perchance one LITTLE HOUR,
 Thy *courteous* song, which soothes with sweetest sound,
 Turn'd by the people's thunder, will be found,
 All of a sudden, vinegar so sour!

What is the madding MILLION's shouting breath?
 Black MURDER's orgies—the wild howl of DEATH!
 Then quit thy Country—yes, *disclaim* thy mother:
 Mind!—on thy shoulders stands *one* simple head;
 Mind me, but *one*—and when that one is fled,
 'Twill puzzle thee, I think, to get *another*.

Since, then, this head is *not yet* gone,
 Take PETER's counsel, man, and keep it on.

BARRERE's red paws are ready now to start;
 Perhaps to plunge in thy devoted heart.

Lo, at his voice (to SATAN's near akin)
The dungeon gapes perhaps to let *thee* in ;
Opes his dark jaws, amid the spectred gloom,
For thee, a *second* time to raise thy moan ;
Breathe the vain wish, and heave the helpless groan—
Thou'lt be well furnish'd both with *time* and *room*.

The columns of your Liberty, DEATH knows,
Are cannon, fwords, and bayonets, and spears ;
The *Angels* who this glorious pile compose,
Hyænas, Tygers, Jackalls, Wolves and Bears :
Instead of adamant for a foundation,
The groaning carcases of half the nation.

Dread, of ADVERSITY the humbling pow'r—
Sharp are her whips of wire, and hard her bats :
What sad humility awaits the hour
When LORDLY LIONS grind poor mice with *cats* !

When JOVE's own EAGLE leaves his fky for bogs,
Cracks snails with crows, and feasts with croaking frogs !
Yet this, you *wond'rous men* must do ere long,
If TRUTH (who seldom fails) awaits my song.

Yes,

Yes, be illumin'd, rev'rend AGE and YOUTH ;
With *you* I'd tear up SUPERSTITION'S root,
Dark Fiend ! who from the sacred hand of TRUTH
Dares snatch her torch, and crush it under foot.
This were DAME WISDOM'S act ; but, let me add,
WISDOM and FRANCE are foes—for FRANCE is *mad*.

What voice to reason can a *Frenchman* bring ?
Go, bid with lullaby the tiger sleep ;
Bind with a spider's web, the whirlwind's wing ;
And with the wren's small plume, keep down the Deep.

Wrap the black furge within thy hand, *so wise*,
And smother its wild thunder on the skies.

Pr'ythee take counsel, man, and haste away :
'Tis vastly safer, I assure thee, here,
Since Murder is the order of the day,
And venom feeds the heart of black BARRERE.

BARRERE ! who, when in hell he shews his face,
Each frighten'd Dev'l at once will fly the place.

F R O M A N A C R E O N.

U P O N H I M S E L F.

O N fragrant myrtles let me lie,
 And LOVE, my slave, the wine supply.
 Too soon we seek the Stygian gloom :
 TIME flies ; and, since to dust we go,
 Why idly bid the incense flow,
 And spill the juice upon the tomb ?

Ah ! rather let me quaff the *wine*,
 And bid the rose my brows entwine,
 While youth, while health the bosom warms—
 Then pr'ythee, LOVE, delight my heart,
 Ere DEATH dispatch his certain dart,
 And bring a CHLOE to my arms.

 M A Y D A Y.

T H E daisies peep from ev'ry field,
 And vi'lets sweet their odour yield ;
 The purple blossom paints the thorn,
 And streams reflect the blush of morn.

Then

Then lads and lasses all, be gay,
For this is NATURE's holiday.

Let lusty LABOUR drop his flail,
Nor woodman's hook a tree assail ;
The ox shall cease his neck to bow,
And Clodden yield to rest, the plough.
Then lads, &c.

Behold the lark in ether float,
While rapture swells the liquid note !
What warbles he, with merry cheer ?
“ Let LOVE and PLEASURE rule the year.”
Then lads, &c.

Lo, SOL looks down, with radiant eye,
And throws a smile around his sky ;
Embracing hill and vale and stream,
And warming NATURE with his beam.
Then lads, &c.

The insect tribes in myriads pour,
And kiss with Zephyr ev'ry flow'r ;
Shall *these* our icy hearts reprove,
And tell us we are foes to LOVE ?
Then lads, &c.

PHILLIDA'S COMPLAINT.

WHAT has estranged thy affections from me? What have I done, that I should lose thee? But thou art *tired* with the object that loves thee; possibly, because *her* sole happiness is founded on *thine*.

S O N G.

When NIGHT spreads her shadows around,
 I will watch with delight on thy rest;
 I will soften thy bed on the ground,
 And thy cheek shall recline on my breast.

LOVE heeds not the storm, and the rain;
 On *me*, let their fury descend:
 This bosom shall scorn to complain,
 While it shelters the life of a friend.

What tempts thee to wander away?
 To *another*, ah! dost thou depart?
 Believe me, in time thou wilt say,
 None e'er lov'd thee like PHILLIDA's heart.

Though resolv'd from a MOURNER to fly;
 To mem'ry thou still shalt be dear:
 The winds shall oft waft thee a sigh,
 And the ocean convey thee a tear.

A T H I R D O D E

T O T H E
P O E T D E L I L L E.

The LYRIC BARD proclaimeth the folly of the present French—Adviseeth them not to harbour passions degrading to humanity.—PETER, with wonderful fancy, pourtrayeth PRUDENCE, and PASSION.—PETER taketh the part of the late unfortunate Monarch and his Queen, and endeth his Ode with a beautiful and apt comparison.—The Poet then illustrateth the actions of the French by a most apposite Tale.

DELILLE, the world from laugh can scarce refrain—

Most Sampson-like, ye've ruin'd a rare pile :
To see you building thus, all hands, again,
On an owl's face so grave must plant a smile.

SORROW, discard thy weeds, and dry thy tears—

PITY, disdain t'embalm them with thy breath :
They're sinking!—lo, if aught like life appears,
'Tis HEALTH's stol'n rose upon the cheek of DEATH.

Once happiness was yours, my friend, indeed—

“ We'll have no more on't,” mad ye cry'd, “ away !
“ Change ! change ! we'll cut off the Great Nation's head,
“ And try what the huge Trunk will say.”

Y

Off

Off goes the head—
The Nation's dead!

Well, now 'tis done—the head is *off*—what then?
Ye seem to stare, like *disappointed* men.
Where was DAME FORESIGHT? Ah, ye filly folk!
And yet it is too *serious* for a *joke*.

Since, then, the head is off; for FREEDOM panting,
What is't ye look for?—"Lord, Dame FREEDOM's *wanting*;
"Into a terrible mistake we fall—
"For TYRANNY's hard irons load us all!"
Indeed! ye just have found the secret out!
Ye're *wiser* than ye were, good folks, no doubt!

Alter not things when rul'd by Passion—Why?
Because good MADAM PRUDENCE is not nigh:
PRUDENCE keeps company that's vastly *sober*;
PRUDENCE is mildly-breathing, smiling May,
So full of balmy blossoms, all so gay;
PASSION, the mad, wide-wasting, wild OCTOBER.

PRUDENCE, a pretty, pleasing, stealing rill,
Winning with easy lapse its winding course;
PASSION, a torrent rough, from hill to hill,
Tumbling and tearing, drowning man and horse.

PRUDENCE

PRUDENCE is also a fresh-water eel,
 So calmly gliding through the liquid glafs ;
 PASSION, a porpus—tempests at his heel,
 Flound'ring amid old OCEAN's thund'ring mafs.

PRUDENCE is that small pleasing worm of light,
 The mild hedge-regent of the dewy night ;
 A little moon to many an insect race,
 Who by her silv'ry radiance find their way,
 Nibble the fairest flow'rs, and sip and play,
 Gaze on their loves, dance, ogle, and embrace.

PASSION's a meteor, skipping here and there ;
 Hopping o'er hedge and ditch, and fen and pool,
 Amidst his wild and fierce and mad career,
 Making himself indeed a downright fool :
 And after all, what is this *thing* of *caper* ?
 A simple child of stinking mud and vapour !

Why so enrag'd against poor LOUIS *Seize*,
 Who pliable did every thing to *please* ?
 And why in league against his charming Queen,
 REVENGE, and MADNESS, MALICE, ENVY, SPLEEN ?

REVENGE's company for ever shun :
 Too much of danger frequently appears ;

A kind of weak and overloaded gun,
Bursting with horrid crash about our ears.

Ridiculous the triumph will be found,
When, for a penny's worth, we lose a pound.
The MONARCH eat a *little* of the State—
But should ye therefore madly give him *fate*?

We should not rage for trifling matters,
And blust'ring kick the world about ;
It shows the folly of our natures,
For a pin's head to make a rout.

Lord ! grant a little *fungus* on the *vine*
And *olive*, yielding oil and juice and gladness ;
Who'd root up the whole tree for't ? nought but swine—
'Twere idiotism, stupidity, and madness.

The following simple well-known story shows
What sad misfortune from such folly flows.

THE

THE KNIGHT AND THE RATS.

A KNIGHT liv'd in the West not long ago,
Like Knights in general, not *o'erwise*, I trow—
This Knight's great barn was visited by rats,
In spite of poison, gins, and owls and cats:

Like millers taking toll of the sweet corn,
Carous'd they happily from night to morn.

Lo, waxing wrath, that neither gins nor cats,
Nor owls, nor poison, could destroy the rats;

“ I'll nab them by a scheme, by heav'ns,” quoth he :
So of his neighbourhood he rous'd the mob,
Farmers and farmers boys, to do this job ;

His servants too of high and low degree ;
And eke the tribes of Dog, by found of horn,
To kill the rats that dar'd to taste the corn.

This done, the Knight, resolv'd with god-like ire,
Ran to his kitchen for a stick of fire,
From whence intrepid to the barn he ran ;

Z

Much

Much like the MACEDONIAN and fair Punk,
Who, at Persepolis so very drunk,
Did with their links the mighty ruin plan.

Now, 'midst the dwelling flew the blazing stick :
Soon from the flames rush'd forth the rats so thick ;
Men, dogs, and bats, in furious war unite—
The conquer'd rats lie sprawling on the ground ;
The Knight, with eyes triumphant, stares around,
Surveys the carnage, and enjoys the sight.

Not e'en ACHILLES saw, so blest, his blade
Dismiss whole legions to th' infernal shade !

But, lo ! at length by this rat-driving flame,
Burnt was the corn—the walls down thund'ring came ;
The meaning of it was not far to learn—
When turning up those billiard-balls his eyes,
That held a pretty portion of surprise,
“ Zounds ! what a blockhead ! I have *burnt the barn !*”

AZID,

A Z I D,

OR

THE SONG OF THE CAPTIVE NEGRO.

Poor MORA eye be wet wid tear,
And heart like lead sink down wid woe ;
She seem her mournful friends to hear,
And see der eye like fountain flow.

No more she give me song so gay,
But sigh, " Adieu, dear DOMAHAY."

No more for deck her head and hair,
Me look in stream, bright gold to find ;
Nor seek de field for flow'r so fair,
Wid garland MORA hair to bind.

" Far off de stream !" I weeping say,
" Far off de fields of DOMAHAY."

But why do AZID live a slave,
And see a slave his MORA dear ?
Come, let we seek at once de grave—
No chain, no tyrant den we fear.

Ah, me! I hear a spirit say,
 "Come, AZID, come to DOMAHAY."

Den gold I find for thee once more,
 For thee to fields for flow'r depart;
 To please de idol I adore,
 And give wid gold and flow'r my heart.

Den let we die and haste away,
 And live in groves of DOMAHAY.

T O C Y N T H I A.

AH, what an envious rogue is TIME,
 Who means one day to crop thy prime!
 This were a barb'rous deed, I vow—
 If thus the Tyrant can behave,
 Lord, let us disappoint the knave,
 And let me take those beauties *now*.

THE CRUELTY OF ÆNEAS

TO

QUEEN DIDO.

I FORGIVE Man almost any crime sooner than barbarous ingratitude towards charming Woman. What a brute was the *pious* Æneas to his MISTRESS, the beautiful and unfortunate QUEEN of CARTHAGE! How easily a Poet of VIRGIL's imagination could have given a tear to the eye, and a compassionate sigh to the soul of his HERO, at parting with a Princess who had so hospitably entertained him, and so completely made him happy; and thus, by adding a shining, amiable, and consistent *trait* to his character, have rendered him an object of esteem instead of eternal condemnation! But let the base action be recorded on the pyramid of *English* poetry, as well as of the *Roman*.

When *good* Æneas left the widow DIDO,
 Most *infamous* towards her was his carriage;
 "Madam," quoth he, "all men would act as *I* do—
 "You will not swear I ever *offer'd* marriage."

A a

'Tis

“ ’Tis very true,” cry’d DIDO, with a sigh ;
 Then from her eyes the tears began to roll ;
 And then she mov’d from him, resolv’d to die,
 And make a bonfire of herself, poor soul !

What did the *pious* Hero ?—march’d on board ;
 Fell fast asleep, and like a bull-frog snor’d.

T H E W O R L D.

T H I S world’s a charming world, I do declare—
 The man who *understands* it, I suppose,
 May, with a *modicum* of sense and care,
 Convert with ease each *thorn* into a *rose*.

But folks *become* such *ideots*, or are *born* ;
 They change life’s fragrant rose into a thorn ;
 On ev’ry smile of sunshine, fling a cloud,
 And then on *cruel* FORTUNE cry aloud.

O N G E N I U S.

D E A R L Y I like to see a GENIUS spring,
 Mark his rich plumes, and eye his soaring wing ;

But

But DEATH too soon arrests his eagle flight !
 Not long upon the meteor can we gaze—
 From the dark element, the lightning's blaze,
 That breaks, and sudden shuts in pitchy Night.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH COLLINS'S POEMS.

AMID these leaves, where COLLINS shines,
 LOVE boasts, alas ! no golden lines ;
 From Love the Bard was free :
 What loss ! what pity, that his eye
 (To give his heart the sweetest sigh)
 Beheld no Nymph like *thee* !

S O N G.

FAREWELL to the fragrance of morn ;
 Farewell to the song of the grove—
 I go from my DELIA forlorn ;
 I go from the Daughter of Love !

 I was told that I ought not to gaze
 On the Beauty by which I'm undone ;

But how could I hide from their rays?
 What mortal can fly from the *Sun*?

F R O M A N A C R E O N.
 O N W O M A N.

DAME NATURE, from her store, so kind,
 To bulls, the guarding horns assign'd;
 And arm'd with hoofs the bounding steed;
 Teeth to the lion's jaw she gave;
 Fins to the tenant of the wave;
 And cloath'd the little hare with speed.

But what should NATURE grant the FAIR?
 Grant!—BEAUTY's fascinating air:
 With this the CHARMER takes the field,
 And bids the world to WOMAN yield.

T O N A N C Y O F T H E R O S E.

O NANCY! wilt thou go with me,
 And all the Poet's treasure see,
 My garden-house, my temple-rooms?

There

There shall I dwell on those black eyes,
 And pour my tuneful soul in sighs,
 And catch thy panting breath's perfumes.

Will NANCY quit the noisy bar,
 And sounds that thus with music war,
 Of vulgar Coachman, Drayman, Porter;
 That I may press thy purple lip,
 And LOVE's delicious nectar sip,
 And in his prettiest language court her?

Ah! NANCY, now I hear thee say,
 "Lord bless us! I'm the youthful MAY,
 "And you are Autumn, Sir—SEPTEMBER;
 "And therefore we by no means suit."
 Dear NANCY, that's the time for *fruit*,
 Thou surely oughtest to remember.

Then blest together let us wing—
 Love only *blossoms* in the *Spring*.

F R O M A N A C R E O N.

HASTE, let the roses bind our hair,
 And merry jest and laugh prepare;

B b

Behold

Behold a blooming MAID advance!
 She waves the spear, with ivy bound,
 And to the lute's enchanting found,
 With tempting foot, begins the dance.

And, breathing balmy odours, lo,
 A youth, whose locks luxuriant flow;
 The lyre he sweeps, and sweetly sings,
 Accordant to the tuneful strings.

And see, to mingle in our joy,
 With golden locks, the Paphian Boy;
 And BACCHUS too, with beauteous mien;
 And HER, of all the Loves the Queen:—
 They come, in pleasures to engage,
 That gild with smiles the gloom of Age.

O D E.

A NEW, AND MORAL, AND SERIOUS THOUGHT.

How diff'rently, at diff'rent times,
 The self-same objects strike our senses!
 Thus says Sir ORACLE, the man of rhymes;
 And thus, to prove it, he commences.

Sweet are the blushes and the smiles of morn,
The song of birds, and dew-bespangled thorn,
To swains whose hearts are perfectly at ease :
Sweet are the splendors of the golden ray,
To swains prepar'd to take their early way
To hill and vale, and wander where they please. .

But not to swains the morning smile is sweet,
Dress'd out in irons—doom'd, ere noon, to greet
The rope and tree, that much their spirits flurry ;
They see, with very, very diff'rent eyes,
The sun in all his golden robes arise,
And wish him not to travel in a hurry.

Sweet is the Parson's note to swains at church,
Who, lull'd to slumber, leave him in the lurch ;
Whom neither manners nor religion check :
Yet, ah ! most terrible would be, I wot,
That Parson's solemn admonition note
To those same swains with ropes about the neck.

SONG.

S O N G.

W H E N bleeding N A T U R E droops to die,
 And begs from Heav'n th' eternal sleep,
 Hard is the heart that cannot sigh,
 And curs'd the eye that scorns to weep.

How rich the tear by P I T Y shed !
 How sweet her sighs for human woes !
 They pierce the mansions of the dead,
 And soothe the spectre's pale repose.

S O N G.

O C R U E L Maid, adieu ! adieu !
 Thy loss I ever shall deplore ;
 A thousand griefs my path pursue,
 And joy shall gild that path no more.

Lost to the world—of hope bereft—
 I view my fate with streaming eyes—
 By L O V E forgot, by F R I E N D S H I P left,
 By all deserted but my sighs.

MODES OF COURTSHIP.

O LOVE, thy temple is a crowded Inn—
And, ah! how various are thy ways to *win*!

DEVONSHIRE-HOB'S LOVE.

JOANNY, my dear, wut ha poor HOB?
Vor I'm upon a coortin job—

Gadswunds! Ifs leek thee, JOAN;
I'd fert vor thee—Ifs, that Ifs wud;
Ifs love thee well, as pigs love mud,
Or dogs to gna a bone.

What thoff Ifs ban't so hugeous smurt,
Forfooth leek voaks that go to curt;

Voakes zay I'm perty vitty:
Lord, JOAN, a man may be *alive*,
Ha a long pufs, and kep a wive,
That ne'er zeed Lundun zitty.

A man may ha the best o' hearts,
Although no chitterlins to's fharts,

C c

And

And lace that gentry uze ;
 Thee'dst vend me honest—Ifs, rert down,
 Altho' thee hadsn't got a gown,
 Ner stockings vath ner shooze.

Now, JOANNY, pr'ythee dant now blish ;
 Vor zich, Ifs wudd'n gee a rish ;
 Dant copy voakes o' town :
 No, JOAN, dant gee thy zel an air,
 And ren and quat, just leek a hare,
 And think I'll hunt thee down.

No, that's dam voalish, le me zay ;
 No—dant ren off, an heed away,
 Leek paltriges in stubble :
 No, no, the easiest means be best ;
 Ifs can't turmoil, an looze one's rest ;
 Ifs can't avoard the trouble.

Now, JOAN, beleek, thee waantst to know
 About my houze-keppin and zo,
 Bevore thee tak'ft the nooze—
 Why vlesh an dumplin ev'ry day ;
 But az vor *Zunday*, le me zay,
 We'll ha a gud vat gooze.

Zumtimes we'll ha a choice squab-pie ;
And zum days we wull broil and vry,
And zum days *roast*, ye slut ;
An az vor Zyder, thee shat guzzle,
Zo much, JOAN, as will tire thy muzzle,
Enow to spleet thy gut.

Now break thy meend, zay "dun, an dun ;"
I'll make thee a good husband, mun ;
And JOAN, I'll love thee dearly ;
Ifs waant do leek our neighbour FLAIL,
That huffth his wive, and kickth her tail,
And drasht her just leek barely.

JOANNY, Ifs now have broke *my* meend ;
Zo speak, an let the bisness eend,
And dant stand shilly shally ;
But if thee wutt'n—Lord, lay't alone ;
Go, hang thy zel vor me, mun, JOAN,
I'll curt thy zester *Mally*.

T O M

T O M A N D D O L L Y.

A S T A B L E C A N T A T A.

R E C I T A T I V E.

A M I D S T his straw, as T O M, a stable-swain,
 Did sweep and sigh, but swept and sigh'd in vain ;
 D O L L Y, the Cook, peep'd in upon her 'squire,
 And begg'd a wisp of straw to light her fire ;
 T O M gave the wisp, and, leaning on his broom,
 Thus woo'd the squabby Nymph of bacon-bloom.

A I R.

O D O L L Y, not a horse nor nag,
 Of which my stable loud may brag,
 Can boast a head like thine ;
 Nor has a saddle got a skin
 So sleek as thy sweet cheek and chin,
 Or doth so nobly shine.

But thou art off, 'tis plainly seen—
 Yes, D O L L Y, I have lost the rein,
 Thou mischievous contriver :
 To gall, alack ! my panting heart,
 I'm sure thou art resolv'd to part,
 And marry Dick the Driver.

Well,

Well, DOLL, I cannot bear it long ;
 LOVE sticks into me like a prong,
 And sets my sides a bleeding :
 I tell thee, DOLLY, without fibs,
 Thou hast so curricomb'd my ribs,
 That I am off my feeding.

QUEEN of the dripping-pan, O say,
 How canst thou hear thy THOMAS bray,
 Nor one kind answer utter ?
 How canst thou see thy Stable-'Squire
 Roast at thine eyes, like beef at fire,
 Nor melt away like butter ?

But thou art grown so proud of late ;
 Thou cutt'st upon me like a plate ;
 As short too as a crust ;
 And then, with *such* a scornful eye,
 Thy shoulders rais'd by pride so high,
 All like a turkey trufs'd.

SUE, drive the Driving-dog away ;
 Give my starv'd Love a lock of hay,
 For I'm in woeful danger ;

D d

But

But if thou wilt not with me dwell,
Horses, and saddles, all farewell,
Brooms, hay-loft, bin, and manger !

RECITATIVE.

TOM having finish'd in a dismal tone,
Wip'd his two dropping eyes, and gave a groan ;
Then, sighing, said it was a cruel thing,
Thus like a dishclout his poor heart to wring.
The NYMPH, as careless of the hole (how shocking !)
In TOM's poor bleeding *heart* as in her *stocking*,
Low curtsying to her solemn, sighing swain,
Return'd, with *equal sweetness* fraught, the strain.

A I R.

Dear THOMAS, I pity thy love ;
But, THOMAS, thou wilt not *expire* ;
Like a ladle of dripping 'twill prove,
That I frequently fling on the fire.

It makes a most wonderful blaze,
And frightens the chimney, no doubt ;
Sets the family all in amaze ;
But, THOMAS, it quickly goes out.

Before

Before we were married a year,
Mighty LOVE, he would lose all his forces ;
And the musical tongue of thy Dear,
Would yield to the neigh of thy horses.

I believe that thou thinkest sincere,
This *sweet passion* would last all thy life ;
But too many can tell, with a tear,
They have thought the same thing of a *wife*.

Too often we find, to our cost,
That the PASSIONS are easily cloy'd ;
That the object which pleases us *most*,
Is the *object* that ne'er was *enjoy'd*.

Love-matches may do very well,
In worlds where folks never want meat ;
But in this, 'tis with sorrow I tell,
We are looking for somewhat *to eat*.

Dear THOMAS, then let me alone
To my roasting, and boiling, and carving ;
I don't like to live on a *bone*—
Lord ! nothing's more dismal than *starving*.

To thy stable then stick all thy life ;
That will bring thee thy meat ev'ry day :
A housefull of brats, and a wife !
What would they ?—*why take it away.*

S O N G.

O NYMPH ! of FORTUNE's smiles, beware,
Nor heed the Syren's flatt'ring tongue ;
She lures thee to the haunts of CARE,
Where SORROW pours a ceaseless song.

Ah ! what are all her piles of gold ?
Can those the hosts of CARE controul ?
The splendor which thine eyes behold,
Is not the sunshine of the soul.

To LOVE alone thy homage pay,
The Queen of ev'ry true delight :
Her smiles with joy shall gild thy day,
And bless the visions of the night.

S E A C O U R T S H I P.

SUSAN.

MADAM! Madam! I have just received a poetical BILLET-DOUX from my furious Sea-Caliban; impudence and humility, resolution and weakness, hope and despair, forming the sum total. Permit me to read it.

HAWSER TO SUSAN.

Miss SUSAN, I think it in vain
To groan any more for that face;
Your behaviour hath prov'd it so plain,
That to others I give up the chace.

Very wisely resolv'd, Mr. Lieutenant.

About Love, I shall make no more pother—
You know that I'm not very rich;
Yet I'd man you as well as another,
And stick to your timbers like pitch.

Nice sticking-plaister indeed!

I am out in my reck'ning, 'tis clear,
As your frowns and your cruelties prove—
Since I thought to have anchor'd, my dear,
In your arms, that sweet harbour of love.

Very elegant, tender, and metaphorical!

E e

Since

And though you so scornful are grown,
Let justice be done, by the Lord!
You're a smart little frigate, I own,
As a seaman would wish for to board.

Thank ye, Mr. Lieutenant (curtsies).

Yet, SUSAN, before we depart,
And I beg thou'lt not take it unkind,
Since your sneers have restor'd me my heart,
If I give thee a piece of my mind.

By all means, Mr. HAWSER.

Instead of my *tears* and my *fighs*,
Which you, laughing, call'd *Love's water-gruel*,
Could *guineas* have rain'd from my eyes,
By G— thou hadst never been cruel.

Impudent rogue!

And yet, should the wind chop about,
And thy mouth cease this d-mn'd squally weather,
Let us fend for old THUMP-CUSHION* out,
And swing in a hammock together.

Never, never, indeed, poor swain.

* The Priest.

DAPHNE,
OR THE
SONG OF THE SHEPHERDESS.

FAREWELL the beam of early day!
Cold on the eye the valley fades;
The riv'let mourns upon its way,
And spectres seem to haunt the shades.
These eyes, alas! no pleasure see,
Since COLIN's love is chang'd from *me*.

Adieu the crook he gave my hand!
Adieu the flow'rs that deck my hair!
Go, doves, and leave your filken band,
Since DAPHNE is no longer fair.
These eyes, &c.

Let nought by DAPHNE be possest—
The myrtle-wreath that binds my brow;
The knot of love he gave my breast,
Deep blushing for his broken vow.
These eyes, &c.

Let

Let all his tokens meet his eye—
 From DAPHNE all his gifts depart;
 And let me send with these a *figh*,
 To tell him of a broken heart.
 These eyes, &c.

M A D R I G A L.

AH! say not that the BARD grows old—
 For what to me are passing years?
 I feel not AGE's palsied cold—
 To-day like yesterday appears.

When Beauty beams, the world is gay!
 What mortal is not *then* alive?
 Thus kindling at its magic ray,
Fourscore leaps back to *twenty-five*.

ODE TO TWO MICE IN A TRAP.

So, SIR, and MADAM, you at length are taken,
 After your dances over cheese and bacon,
 And tasting ev'ry dainty in your way;

Now to my question, answer, if ye please—
Speak, did ye *make* the bacon or the cheese?
What sort of a defence d'ye set up, pray?

Thus at free cost to breakfast, dine, and sup!
E'en *mild* JUDGE BULLER ought to hang you up,
So full of the sweet milk of human nature!
What sort of fate, young people, should ye choose?
In purling streams your pretty mouths amuse,
Or feed the cat's fond jaws, that for ye water?

I see you are two lovers, by your eyes;
I hear ye are two lovers by your sighs:
But what avail your looks, or what avail
Your sighs so soft, or what indeed your tears,
Or what your parting agonies and fears,
Since Death must pay a visit to your jail?

Ay, you may kiss and pant, and pant and kiss,
And put your pretty noses through the wire;
Ay, peep away, sweet Sir, and gentle Miss;
No more the Moon shall mark your am'rous fire,
Around the loaded pantry pour the ray,
And guide your gambols with her silver day.

F f

Your

Your prison-door now, culprits, let me ope—
Now, now ! you're off ! it is a *lucky* hop.

Ye're in the right on't, nimble nymph and swain ;
Go, rogues—but if once more I catch you here !—
What then ? what *then* !—why then, I strongly fear,
Ye little robbers, you'll escape again.

Thus let me imitate JUDGE BULLER's deeds,
Beneath whose sentence scarce a felon bleeds ;
Who, as the fur of foxes trims his gown,
The hand of MERCY lines his heart with *Down*.

THE MISER AND THE DERVISE.

THE Miser SHERDI on his sick-bed lying,
Affrighted, groaning, wheezing, praying, fighting,
Expecting ev'ry hour to lose his breath—
Enter a DERVISE—"Holy Father, say,
"As life seems parting from this sinful clay,
"What can preserve me from the jaws of DEATH?"
"A sacrifice, dear son—good joints of meat,
"Of lamb, and mutton, for the PRIEST and POOR ;

“Nay, from the *Koran* shouldst thou lines repeat,

“*Those lines* may *possibly* thy health restore.”

“Thank ye, dear Father! you have said *enough* ;

“Your counsel has *already* giv’n me ease :

“Now as my sheep are all a great way off,

“I’ll quote our holy *Koran*, if you please.”

T O D E L I A.

DELIA, thou really dost not know thy worth—

NATURE has made a very idle blunder,

To give thee roses, lilies, and so forth,

Eyes, dimples, merely to excite our *wonder*.

See *other* girls, of far inferior charms!

Behold them spreading through the world alarms,

With not one quarter of thy ammunition ;

Dark’ning the dangerous air with dreadful darts ;

Transfixing Lovers’ livers, heads, and hearts,

Putting the beaux into a sad condition ;

Whilst thou, so idle, mak’st not *Man* thy game,

As though the *creature* were not worth thy aim.

But,

But, DELIA, come—on *me* thy prowess try ;
 Let loose the lightnings of thy coal-black eye ;
 Attack, pursue—I like the dangerous strife—
 Sweet Nymph, 'tis ten to one thou lay'st me low ;
 Yet do not *kill* me, my dear generous foe,
 But make me *pris'ner to thy arms for life*.

S O N G.

W_HERE FORTUNE reigns in splendid pride,
 What madding thousands crowd her shrine !
 With sweet Simplicity their guide,
 O LOVE, how few resort to *thine* !

Yet when of FORTUNE's smile possess'd,
 The sigh for *other* days they pour ;
 Some secret sorrow stings the breast,
 And languor-loaded crawls each hour.

But LOVE's pure joys unfullied last ;
His vot'ries taste a bliss sublime,
 Sigh to regain the moments past,
 And wish to clip the wings of TIME.

S U S A N.

W^HAT a pretty hurricane about our ears ! Well ! thank Heaven, and our good old ship, for his holding his head so long above water, we are not got down into DAVY JONES's locker.

S O N G.

GOOD Lord ! when I think of the storm,
And, old NEPTUNE, thy horrible spleen,
That endeavour'd to make of this form
A feast for the fish at nineteen !

It had giv'n my poor heart some alarms,
As well as some grief to my spark,
To have found, that, instead of *his* arms,
I had fill'd up the mouth of a *shark*.

Dear NEPTUNE, a Sweetheart is mine—
Not a handsomer ENGLAND possesses :
Shouldst thou bury these limbs in thy brine,
They will lose a whole world of caresses.

Oh, afford me one glance of my lover—
Oh, grant but one kiss from my swain ;
Thou shalt drown me a thousand times over,
If ever I trust thee again.

G g

SONG.

S O N G.

FROM *me*, since HOPE hath wing'd her way,
 To yield to luckier swains delight,
 Ah! will not COMFORT lend a ray,
 To gild my bosom's dreary night?

Yes! yes! to soothe my burning breast,
 As far from DELIA's form I rove,
 I'll boast that *once* this heart was blest,
 And tell the story of my Love.

T O V E N U S.

O VENUS, wherefore is my sigh
 To DELIA's beauty breath'd in vain?
 Ah! why her cold and clouded eye,
 That sun-like shone upon her swain?

A time there was, when thou wert kind,
 And gav'st success to ev'ry pray'r;
 When ev'ry sigh was sure to find
 A sigh congenial from the FAIR.

A time there was, when DELIA's breast,
At all my griefs, with grief would glow ;
The NYMPH would lull the storm to rest,
And soothe with ev'ry charm my woe.

Yet, VENUS, wheresoe'er she flies,
To DELIA all thy blisses give :
In *me*, a *single* shepherd dies,
In *her*, behold, a *thousand* live !

E P I T A P H.

O THOU, remov'd from this world's strife,
Whose relicks here below are laid,
May PEACE, who watch'd thy harmless life,
In death protect thy gentle Shade !

Yet not *alone* around thy bier,
Thy CHILDREN's sighs unfeign'd ascend ;
The mourner PITY drops a tear,
And VIRTUE weeps a vanish'd friend.

ODE

ODE TO A COUNTRY HOYDEN.

DEAR DOLLY, stay thy scampering joints one minute,
And let me ask thee, mad-cap Girl, a question—
Somewhat of consequence there may be in it,
That, *probably*, may'nt suit thine high digestion.

Pray what's the meaning of the present glee?
To ride a nannygoat, or ass, or pig?
Or mount an ox, or ride an apple-tree,
And on the dancing limb enjoy a jig?

Perhaps thou art infected with an itch
To plague a poor old Crone, baptiz'd a *Witch*;
To smoke her in her hovel—kill her cats,
Or lock her in, and rob her garden's peas,
Kick down the lame old granny's hive of bees,
And break her windows in, with stones and bats.

Perchance, to rob an orchard thou may'st long,
Or neighbour's hen's-nest of its eggs, or young;
Nay, steal the mother-hen to boot:
Perchance thou hasten'st, fond of vulgar joys,
To tumble on the haycocks with the boys,
And let them take, at will, the sweet salute.

Thou

Thou makest a long face, and answer'st thus—

“ Lord, then about a *trifle* what a fufs !

“ As though a body might not ride a pig,

“ Or nannygoat indeed, or ox, good me !

“ Or our old Neddy*, or an apple-tree,

“ Just for one's health to have a little jig !

“ Or where's the mighty harm, upon my word,

“ In taking a few eggs, or chicks, or hen ?

“ The farmers can't be ruin'd by't, good Lord !

“ Papa says that they're all substantial men.

“ Or where's the harm to ride upon a gate ?

“ To *snub* one so, indeed, at *such a rate* !

“ I've tumbled from the trees upon the stones,

“ And never broke, in all my life, my bones :

“ See, Sir, I have not *one* black spot about me !

“ 'Tis cruel, then, for *nothing*, thus to flout me.

“ Or where's the mighty crime, I wonder, pray,

“ With Cousin Dick to tumble on the hay ?

“ Just like a Baby with her Doll you treat one !

“ Marry come up ! why, Cousin Dick won't *eat* one !

H h

“ And

* A name frequently given to a Jack-ass.

“ And then, forsooth, what mighty harm would come,
 “ In having bits of fun with Cousin Tom ? ”

DOLLY, thy artless answers force my smile—
 I readily believe thee void of guile ;

My lovely girl, I think thou mean’st no harm :
 But had I daughters just like *thee*, let loose,
 I verily should think myself a goose,
 To mark each colt-like lass *without alarm*.

DOLL, get thee home, and tell *Mama*, so mild,
 So fearful that a *frown* would *kill* her child,
 That *not ev’n birch* to *kill* that child is able ;
 And tell thy *Father*, a fond fool, from *me*,
 To look a little sharper after *thee*,
 Clip thy wild tongue, and tie thee to the table.

THE GRAVE OF EURIPIDES:
 A N E L E G Y.

Supposed to be spoken on the Spot.

O THOU, whose deeply-pictur’d scenes of woe
 From Grecian eyes could force the pitying show’r !
 Permit a STRANGER’S sigh unfeign’d to flow—
 Indulge his hand to strew the sweetest flow’r.

I know I shall not by thy SHADE be scorn'd,
Who boast my birth from ALBION's free domain ;
Where NATURE's soul, like *thine*, in SHAKESPEARE mourn'd,
Where MILTON's genius pour'd th' immortal strain.

Yet lo, a *race* of this degenerate age,
Sons of those Sages, Heroes, Bards, whose name
Gave splendor to the fair historic page,
Forgets the glory of the Grecian name.

I mark you, Son of Athens, with a sigh !
Of POW'R, of IGNORANCE, the abject slave*—
Fear on his cheek, and mis'ry in his eye,
He wanders near thee, heedless of thy grave !

Where is thy fame ? In GREECE no more divine,
It pours on ALBION's isle the radiant day ;
There, with a noon-tide lustre may it shine,
And gild my country with unclouded ray !

Each night retiring, as I whisper peace,
With each adieu, the tear will steal away ;
To think that THOU the song of Gods shouldst cease,
And, dying, mingle with the meanest clay.

Though

* The present inhabitants of Greece fully answer this description.

Though GREECE forgets thee, yet on FANCY's wing
 From distant ALBION will I oft return ;
 Crown thy cold sod with all the blooms of SPRING,
 And envy the rich earth that holds thy *urn*.

SONG TO CYNTHIA.

THE YOUTH by LOVE and HOPE betray'd,
 Who breathes his ardent vows in vain,
 Learns to forget the scornful MAID,
 And bravely breaks her galling chain.

“ Farewell (he cries) a fruitless flame ;
 “ A Nymph less cruel let me find ;
 “ The world holds many a blooming Dame ;
 “ An *equal* CHLOE may be kind.”

But, ah ! how hard the LOVER's fate,
 Who feels the triumph of *thine* eye !
 What Virgin shall *his* fires abate,
 And soothe *his* bosom's hopeless sigh ?

For, lo ! the LOVES, to make thee fair,
 Agreed with ev'ry charm to part ;
 And all the VIRTUES too declare,
 They robb'd *their own*, to grace *thy* heart.

H Y M N T O L O V E.

Soul of the world, and essence of delight,
Of *thee* I think by day, and dream by night,

For I'm a bachelor—a *good old maid*!

Yet *now*, O LOVE, a pretty woman's smiles
Could make me dance at least a dozen miles,
Without a stick indeed, or horse's aid.

Such rapture from thy bloom, each moment feels!
Such mercury thou puttest in one's heels!

Did Jove prize *charming woman*, just like *me*,
Of charming woman, we should find a dearth;
In *beauty*, what a desert there would be!
Scarce one sweet female to delight our earth.

And then, O CYNTHIA, whom these eyes adore;
Whose form, and face, and mind, no rival know;
Yes, *thou* fair MAID, to that untravell'd shore,
To charm the THUNDERER, wouldst be doom'd to go;
And leave, alas! thy fighting shepherd here,
Who never wants a MUSE when thou art near.

I i

And

And now to *thee*, O LOVE, again I turn—
How canst thou hear an earthly ANGEL mourn?
A victim to the vultures of DESPAIR!
A witlefs victim to the villain's snare!

How see vile *Man*, her virtue undermine,
And bid the fairest form of NATURE, pine?
Why sufferest Thou her bosom's softest sigh?
How canst thou, unreveng'd, survey the MAID;
Hear her soul's grief, behold her beauty fade;
Nay, horror! the poor lamb-like victim *die*?

Lo, poor deserted JULIA! once how fair;
With cheek so wan and pale, and scatter'd hair;
Her gentle heart by LOVE's mad tempest torn!
She runs, she stops, and wildly stares around!
Now nails the eye of thought into the ground!
Now, drown'd in tears, she lifts its beam forlorn;

Pale as the moon, amidst the midnight storm,
When rains and driving clouds her face deform!

She grasps the earth—the sod, her fingers tear—
Now wearied, disappointed, to the skies
She lifts her lids of woe, and plaintive sighs,
(Soul-piercing sound!) “Alas, he is not here!”

Rich

Rich pearls of sorrow from their fountains stray,
And drop (too precious for the ground!) away.

“How could he, cruel, give my heart a blow?”

She moans—now sits upon the bank and sings;
Oft breaks her dirge with lengthen'd sighs of woe,
And, pausing, mutters incoherent things.

Now plucking lilies from the sod, she cries,

“Sweet flow'rs, I once was innocent like *you*;

“The tear, alas! a stranger to these eyes—

“Nor blush my cheek, nor wound my bosom knew.”

Now with a smile, and now with melting wail,
She whisp'ring tells of COLIN's Love the tale.

Again her mind is on the wing! she starts!
HOPE to her eyes, her eagle-beam imparts!

Sudden she springs from earth—“He's there, he's there—

“I see him pass the flood—dear COLIN, dear!

“Thy JULIA calls thee—'tis thy JULIA, stay—

“Thy JULIA calls thee—wherefore haste away?

“Thy JULIA loves thee—do not, cruel, fly;

“Stay, or thy JULIA's heart with grief will *die*—

“ If danger urge, that danger let *me* share ;
“ Thou must not live unwatch’d by JULIA’s care.”

Sweet wretch ! in vain her feet the phantom chace !
Wildly she plunges ’mid the torrent’s roar—
She shrieks ! her arms her fancied LOVE embrace,
She grasps the gulph—ah ! soon to grasp no more.

Loft MAID ! in vain the shepherds try to *save* !
Breath’d is her spirit in the whelming wave !
No longer doom’d LIFE’s bitter cup to taste,
Behold her hours of woe for ever past !

Deaf to the song of FLATT’RY, now, her ear !
Deaf to a *Demon*’s whispers once so dear !
Cold too the bosom of the once warm maid !
The heart that swell’d with LOVE’s delicious sighs,
Still, in its silent cell of darkness lies,
And dim her eyes in DEATH’s eternal shade.
Those orbs that sparkling bade a world adore,
Ah, doom’d to sparkle, and to *stream* no more !

Lo, on the bank her pale limbs stretch’d along,
Amidst the sorrows of a rural throng !
A sight to strike the voice of RAPTURE mute,
And wake the *tendrest* string of PITY’s lute !

Thee,

Thee, thee, her murd'rer, VENGEANCE soon shall find,
 Sure blood-hound, trace thee in the weeping wind ;
 Pursue thee where the DESERT grins with death :

For not to *man* again shalt thou return—

A shrinking world thy Cain-like form shall spurn,
 And kneeling curse thee with its keenest breath.

Smote and unburied, shall thy carcase lie :

Afar, affrighted shall the vultures fly ;

Of fiends like thee, a *breathless* fiend, afraid ;

And lo, the frowning GENIUS of the gloom

Shall shun the SOLITUDE that hails thy doom,

And bid each savage seek a *distant* shade.

O D E.

'T *is* a *strange* world we live in—but 'twill *mend*—

As ev'ry body says, “the world grows wiser ;”

Yet *certain* follies ne'er will have an end,

Of which I am a wonderful despiser.

Is it not cruel, when, with all his flame,

GENIUS performs a work, a man should bawl,

“To ask much for this trifle were a shame ;

“I know the fellow took *no pains at all*.

“ Poets work *nimbly, nimbly*, now-a-days :

“ Give a good penny’s-worth, good MASTER BAYS.”

I dare say the sad Bookseller, a L--E,

Or L--K-----N, pour’d such unhallow’d sounds
On MILTON’s shrinking ear, with lips profane,
Who bought th’ immortal Work for *fifteen pounds* !*

Too many a ragged *Brother of the Lay*,

Too many a *fair Historian*, never doubt it,
Have heard a Bookseller so cruel say,

“ Pray, Sir,” or “ Ma’am, *how long were you about it ?*”

Thou Beast ! amid the sons of WISDOM plac’d,

Who, times of old, as well as modern, grac’d,

Couldst thou not catch a portion of their fire ?
Rolls not thine eye upon their works each day ?
And canst thou, from them, *nothing* bear away,
To lift thy hog-like soul above the mire ?

Sore troubled by the tooth-ach, LUBIN ran

To get the murd’rer of his quiet, *drawn* ;

An Artift in an instant whips it out—

“ Well, MASTER SNAG—hæ ? what *has* I to pay ?”

“ A shilling”—“ Zounds ! a shilling do ye zay ?”

With a long staring face replies the LOUT.

“ Lord !

* The price actually given for the *Paradise Lost* !

“ Lord ! why Ize did not *veel it*—’twas *nort in it* ;

“ You *knows* ye wern’t about it half a minute :

“ To gee *so much* Ize cursedly unwilling—

“ Lord ! vor a tooth, but yesterday old SLOP

“ Did drag me by the head about his shop

“ *Three times*, poor man, and *only ax’d a shilling*.”

S O N G.

How chang’d is my CELADON’s heart !

How alter’d each look of the fwain !

Now fullen he wishes to part,

Who call’d me the *pride of the plain*.

Of late, with what ardour he strove

Ev’ry hour that was *mine*, to beguile !

How he griev’d if I doubted his love !

And how blest if he gain’d but a smile !

To *me*, he devoted his days ;

And raptur’d on *me* was his tongue ;

Thus, MORNING arose on his praise,

And EVENING went down on his song.

Let me steal to the desert, and die,
 Nor wound with reproaches his ears ;
 My *reproof* shall be only a *sigh*—
 My *complaint*, but the *silence of tears*.

E P I G R A M.

SEE CLODIO, happy in his own dear sense !
 And, hark ! the world cries, “ Coxcomb in th’ excess :”
 Now let me undertake the Fop’s defence—
 What man could ever be content with *less* ?

A N A C R E O N T I C.

T O S Y L V I A.

How canst thou smile at my despair,
 And bid me *other* nymphs adore ?
 Shew me a girl but *half* so fair,
 And I will trouble thee no more.

Hide then that neck and lip and eye,
 Since thus resolv’d to shun pursuit ;
 For LOVE will follow, like the fly,
 That always seeks the *fairest* fruit.

L I S E T T A.

I N the name of the *great God of Love*, how shall I dispose of myself? Which of my swains must wear the willow?

O VIRGINS, tell me how to choose,
For I'm a novice on it—

Poor COLIN at a *distance* wooes,
And sends his soul in *sonnet*;

While LUBIN, to no forms a slave,
Won't stay to *write* for blisses;
But prints upon my mouth, the knave,
His wishes with his kisses.

If LUBIN seize a rude embrace,
And I begin to clatter;
The rogue stares gravely in my face,
And asks me what's the matter?

Of kisses lately he stole *three*—
I shriek'd with might and main:
“Since ye don't like them,” pert quoth he,
“Lord! take them back again.”

L 1

“No,

“ No, no, I won’t,” says I “ keep off,
 “ They please me *much*,” I swore—
 “ Oh, is it so?” cry’d he, “ enough ;
 “ Then, Miss, you wish for *more*.”

Poor COLIN turns, if I but frown,
 All white as any fleece is !
 LUBIN would give me a green gown,
 And rummage me to pieces.

The one, so meek and complaisant,
 All silence, awe, and wonder ;
The other, impudence and rant,
 And boist’rous as the thunder.

This begs to press my finger’s tip,
 So bashful is my lover ;
That savage bounces on my lip,
 And kisses it all over.

O MODESTY, thou art so sweet !
 Not wild, and bold, and teasing ;
 And yet, each Sister Nymph I meet
 Thinks boldness *not unpleasing*.

This

This is a wicked world!—O dear!
And wickedness is in me—
Though MODESTY's so sweet, I fear
That IMPUDENCE will *win me*.

C O R I N ' s P R O F E S S I O N ,

O R

THE SONG OF CONSTANCY.

NOW, JOAN, we are *married*—and now, let me say,
Though both are in youth, yet that youth will decay:
In our journey through life, my dear JOAN, I suppose
We shall oft meet a bramble, and sometimes a rose.

When a cloud on this forehead shall darken my day,
Thy sunshine of sweetness must smile it away;
And when the dull vapour shall dwell upon thine,
To chase it, the labour and triumph be mine.

Let us wish not for wealth, to devour and consume;
For luxury's but a short road to the tomb:
Let us sigh not for grandeur, for trust me, my JOAN,
The keenest of cares owes its birth to a *throne*.

Thou shalt milk our *one* cow ; and if fortune pursue,
 In good time, with her blessing, my JOAN may milk *two* :
 I will till our small field, whilst thy prattle and song
 Shall charm as I drive the bright ploughshare along.

When finish'd the day, by the fire we'll regale,
 And treat a good neighbour at eve with our ale ;
 For JOAN, who would wish for *self only* to live ?
 One blessing of life, my dear girl, is to *give*.

E'en the red-breast and wren shall not seek us in vain,
 Whilst thou hast a crumb, or thy CORIN a grain ;
 Not only their songs will they pour from the grove,
 But yield, by example, sweet lessons of love.

Though thy beauty must fade, yet thy youth I'll remember ;
 That thy *May* was my own, when thou shewest *December* ;
 And when AGE to my *head* shall his winter impart,
 The summer of *Love* shall reside in my *heart*.

ODE TO UGLINESS.

DAUGHTER of HECATE, thou'rt undone !

Joy to my soul, thine empire falls :

No more, thou hobbling, envious *Crone*,

Thy pow'r the female world appalls.

With

With smiles the QUEEN of LOVE appears ;
No longer trembling for the Graces :
No more thy rude attack she fears,
On faultless forms, and fairest faces.

BEAUTY will never lose her prime,
Nor mourn her losses, as of *yore* !
Defeated too thy brother TIME,
The GOD of wrinkle, wounds no more.

See AGE display her iv'ry rows !
Her lip preserves its purple bloom !
Her bosom heaves with Alpine snows,
And kisses breathe the rich perfume !

The furrow'd cheek, and hoary head,
No longer now, as usual, greet ;
And, what our Grandmothers all dread,
The nose and chin no longer meet.

TIME's pow'r, the good old Grannies *brave*,
And, ogling, dart their am'rous fire ;
Decline with graces to the grave,
And with the blush of health, *expire* !

THE TRAVELLER AND JUPITER.

WHAT wicked thousands sooner would affront
 (Such is of sin the wonderful increase)
 The Heav'n's Eternal RULER—fie upon't—
 Than one poor brainless JUSTICE of the Peace,

 Or COUNTRY 'SQUIRE, who nothing knows but doxies,
 Hares, Acts of Parliament, hounds, horses, foxes!

 Nay, further—which should scarcely be repeated—
 (And, oh! that groundless were the POET's fears!)
 GOD by *his own* sad servants is *worse treated*,
Worse than our Country Gentlemen by *theirs*.

 Ask of the Bishops else, whose humble souls
 Sweet MERCY melts, and CHARITY controuls.

 To cheat the Dev'l, at times, I've no objection;
 Not *Heav'n*! 'tis such a *villainous reflection*!

 A certain TRAVELLER, in ancient days,
 When Gods and Goddeses were thick as hops,
 Wishing, as he was beating the highways,
 For somewhat dainty to amuse his chops;

Knelt

Knelt down to JUPITER, and thus began :

“ O JUPITER, as I’m an honest man,

“ I’ll keep my word, if thou wilt grant my pray’r ;

“ Amidst my travels, let me *something* find—

“ Little or much, good, bad, of any kind,

“ I vow to thee, thy Godship *half* shall share.”

Then with grave sanctity he thump’d his craw ;

Much as to say, “ Great JOVE, my word’s a law.”

He had not walk’d a mile, before he found

A handsome bag of filberts on the ground ;

At sight of which, his lips with rapture smacking,

Plumb down he squats, and falls at once to cracking.

To cut my story short, he crack’d and eat,

From ev’ry nut, each atom of the meat ;

When gravely gathering up the shells, he cries,

“ JOVE, sacred have I kept my word—for, see,

“ The *better* half indeed I leave to *thee*,

“ The *shells*, O mighty Ruler of the skies.

“ There are they all, great JOVE—survey ’em :

“ Shouldst thou suspect my honour—*weigh ’em !*”

S O N G.

THE wretch, O let me never know,
Who turns from PITY's tearful eye ;
Who melts not at the dirge of WOE,
But bids the soul renew its sigh !

O say not with the voice of scorn,
“ The lilies of thy neck are fled,
“ Thine eyes their vanish'd radiance mourn,
“ The roses of thy cheek are dead.”

Too cruel YOUTH, with tears I own,
The rose and lily's sad decay ;
And sorrowing wish for *thee alone*,
Their transient bloom a longer day.

Yet though thine eyes no longer trace
The healthful blush of former charms ;
Remember that each luckless grace,
O COLIN, faded in *thy arms* !

O D E

TO MY GOOD FRIEND,

THE MOST MERCIFUL JUDGE —.

O —, whose *fair* heart so full of love,
 Melts, snow-like, on the victim void of hope ;
 Whose conscience stretches like the softest glove,
 To save the sighing culprit from the rope !
 To *thee*, in VIRTUE'S stoutest armour, strong,
 Permit thy *friend* and Bard to pour the song.

O let us drag the *foes of man* to day,
 And hang them like *thy rats** upon our lay,
 Murd'ers that strike the cheek of HORROR pale !
 Whose morals give contagion to a *jail*.

Illumin'd, ah ! too oft by FORTUNE'S rays,
 A pigmy wretch is shewn in yon huge House† ;
 Just as the solar microscope displays
 A mite, a flea, a bug, a dirty louse.

A JUDGE *may* rise, despising NATURE'S groan ;
 A villain, in damnation funk so deep ;

* Hereby hangs a pretty little tale.

† Westminster Hall.

That VICE, black VICE, shall ne'er be *idle* known,
But when the fur-clad monster falls asleep !

Just as the hackney-coachmen curse aloud
Kind SOL, who dissipates a threatening cloud,
Dark-hov'ring, wishing much his power to show,
And bid his deluge drown the world below ;

Just as the restless demon of the night
Lours on the maiden blush of orient light,
And skulks into the charnel's murky shade ;
A JUDGE *may* rise, whose scowl shall curse the smile
Of JUSTICE, who so long has blest our Isle,
And strike with ruffian fist, the heav'nly MAID.

Where is the JUDGE, in *murder* only brave,
Whose soul delights to feed the gaping grave ;
Who on the convict's pale cheek feasts his eyes ;
Whose heart-felt sounds are HOPE's expiring sighs ?

Where is the happy PATRON of the rope,
Whose eyes on *seas* of blood would gladly ope ;
Fresh hecatombs of carnage, every morn ;
Whose ear could *live* on VIRTUE's deepest groan ;
Stretch ev'n to *pain*, to catch her last faint moan,
Poor writhing wretch, by every torture torn ?

There's

There's no such damned JUDGE—but let me say,
So foul a spirit *may* disgrace the day.

Where is the JUDGE, who, 'midst his shrinking vale,
Walks forth, ah! not to hear the turtle's tale;
But with a happy, keen, and sparkling eye,
To see the kite with fury sweep the sky;
Now in his iron talons bear along,
The lark which charm'd the season with his song?

To *such* DAME NATURE never yet gave birth—
But *such* a miscreant vile, *may* curse the earth.

Where is the JUDGE, who courts the gloom of night;
Charm'd with the owl's and bat's and beetle's flight,
And sees with joy the spectred band pass by;
With rapture listens to their piteous wail,
Now follows hard to catch the mournful tale,
And forrows when the phantoms 'scape his eye?

A JUDGE, like *this*, to bid poor NATURE mourn,
Was never *yet*, thank heav'n! but *may* be born.

Where is the JUDGE who walks the foaming shore
At midnight, 'midst the ruthless tempest's roar,
When FATE and HORROR ride the thund'ring DEEP;

Who, for the cormorant's broad pinion sighs,
 To mingle with the tumult of the skies,
 And join the whirlwind's wild resistless sweep ;

To hover o'er the darken'd scene of death,
 And triumph in the seaman's shrieking breath ;
 Charm'd with each mountain surge, for life that raves ;
 Charm'd as the arm of FATE, with cruel shock,
 Heaves the huge vessel on the groaning rock,
 And rends it piece-meal, 'midst a world of waves ?

" There's no such man, nor ever was," you cry :
 Sweet JUDGE ! dear dove-like —— ! so say I.
 But *may* there not a dev'l like this appear ?
 LIFE deals in monsters much too oft, I fear !

O DEVON, parent of immortal men,
 O should thy beauteous bosom prove a den,
 To hold and suckle such an Imp of shame ;
 Know, to the POET though thou gavest birth,
 With foul-felt ardour will I wish thy death,
 Renounce thy blasted soil, and change my name.

SYLVIA.

S Y L V I A.

DASHWOOD, I dislike your jokes on Matrimony: you possess too much sense to treat with so much levity a state which the first Philosophers hold sacred. But your jest *must* not be spared, though ruin be the consequence. After all your pretty professions, I am not *now* certain that your passion is sincere—how am I to be convinced?

D A S H W O O D.

Fie, fie, thou charming infidel!—listen.

S O N G.

DEAR girl, I'm up to ears in love!
 The fact, a thousand follies prove;
 Yes, yes, I feel the dart!
 Well! now I'm wounded, give the cure;
 Thou'rt not a cruel girl, I'm sure,
 So try to ease the smart.

“ Lord bless us! it is all a lie,”
 I hear thee with emotion cry,
 “ I'm sure there's nothing in't:”

O o

Indeed

Indeed there is, I'm fore afraid,
Nay, take the symptoms, sceptic MAID,
That make it plain as print.

The instant that I see thee coming,
My heart against my ribs keeps drumming,
As if to caper out ;
To make his *cong  * at thy feet,
Pronounce himself thy slave so sweet,
And fight for thee, *so stout*.

From those dear lips, delicious blifs,
If faucy coxcombs steal a kifs,
My eyes so jealous roll :
Aside, I call the puppies names,
My heart is   tna-like in flames,
Consuming to a coal.

I cannot bear to be *alone* ;
I yawn, I figh, I gape, I groan,
And writhe as if with pain :
Now on a sudden feize a book,
Just half a minute in it look,
Then fling it down again.

Now ruminating wild, I walk,
Nod to myself, and smile, and talk ;
Now hunt for something lost ;
Now sit, jump up—now stare, now wink,
On some deep problem seem to think—
Now vacant as a post.

Now seize the violin, and scratch
A half a glee, or half a catch ;
Now snatch the brush, and paint :
Now fling it down, and seize the flute,
Now hum an air divine, now *hoot*,
To make poor MUSIC faint.

Now full resolv'd to visit thee,
And take a social cup of tea,
And give my heart a plaster ;
I draw my watch, not over cool,
Call him a little limping fool,
And bid him travel faster.

Now bustling round the room, here, there,
I try to find my hat, and swear,
And wish him damn'd, and dead ;

Now

Now raging from my inmost soul,
I roar, "What thief my hat hath stole?"
Then find it on my head.

Nay, nay, I'd *marry* thee, my dear—
Love's symptoms now *too plain* appear;
There's nobody can miss it:
Yet if these symptoms are not love,
And *this* the passion fail to prove,
Why, what the devil is it?

O that I did not love thee, girl,
And that my head, in this wild whirl,
Could keep a little steady!
But 'tis in vain, alas! to preach;
Like drowning boys, I've lost my reach;
My sense is gone already.

Yet, SYLVIA, know, the *single elf*
Has only *one* to serve—viz. *Self*;
But when he takes a *wife*,
A *hundred masters* then appear;
And what is very hard, my dear,
His slavery lasts *for life*.

H Y M N T O A D V E R S I T Y.

T H U S fung the Bard of old, and deem'd no *fool*,
 " Sweet are the uses of A D V E R S I T Y ;"
 A D A M E who kicketh from your rump your stool,
 And, savage, sheweth not one grain of mercy t'ye ;

Bids all your fancied-dearest friends *turn tail* ;
Greets with wir'd whips, and *blesse*s with a jail.

O M I S T R E S S of this wisdom-teaching pain,
 With P I L L ' R Y, G I B B E T, F A M I N E, in thy train,
 Go knock, God blest thee, knock at *others'* doors :
 By all my fav'rite G O D S of prose and rhyme,
 I feel not thy philosophy sublime—
 Go, seek the zealot who thy stripes implores.

Go, thunder on *another's* house thy strife ;
 Snatch from a husband's happy arms a wife ;
 Blot from his soul each glimm'ring ray of hope ;
 Rack all his lovely daughters with disease ;
 Poison his sons, and, more thy rage to please,
 Present the fainting father with a rope.

Now raging from my inmost soul,
I roar, "What thief my hat hath stole?"
Then find it on my head.

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Has only *one* to serve—viz. *Self*;
But when he takes a *wife*,
A *hundred masters* then appear;
And what is very hard, my dear,
His slavery lasts *for life*.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

THUS fung the Bard of old, and deem'd no *fool*,
“ Sweet are the uses of ADVERSITY ;”
A DAME who kicketh from your rump your stool,
And, savage, sheweth not one grain of mercy t'ye ;

Bids all your fancied-dearest friends *turn tail* ;
Greets with wir'd whips, and *blesse*s with a jail.

O MISTRESS of this wisdom-teaching pain,
With PILL'RY, GIBBET, FAMINE, in thy train,
Go knock, God blest thee, knock at *others'* doors :
By all my fav'rite GODS of prose and rhyme,
I feel not thy philosophy sublime—
Go, seek the zealot who thy stripes implores.

Go, thunder on *another's* house thy strife ;
Snatch from a husband's happy arms a wife ;
Blot from his soul each glimm'ring ray of hope ;
Rack all his lovely daughters with disease ;
Poison his sons, and, more thy rage to please,
Present the fainting father with a rope.

But let *me* keep wife, children, peace, and land,
And learn thy lessons all at *second hand*.

My taste is dull—yes, vastly dull indeed !
I hate to see a brother mortal bleed—
I hate to hear a gentle Nature groan,
And, GODDESS, more especially *my own*.

Yes, yes, Heav'n knows, my taste is more *confin'd* ;
Prefers the *Zephyr* to the *howling wind* ;
Prefers too, such my star's unlucky blunder,
One hour's bright calm, to *months* of cloud and thunder.

Thou possibly mayst be a good physician,
But *certés* dost not know my *weak condition*.
Blisters, and scarifying, and spare diet,
Would set my *nervous* system in a riot ;
Rich cordial *drafts* would answer best, I trow,
Made up by MESSIEURS HAMMERSLY and Co.

Thine iron scourge would really act in vain,
So apt am I to make wry mouths at pain ;
At disappointment much inclin'd to moan.
Whenever then, O GODDESS, things we see,
That with one's nature so much disagree,
Methinks 'twere better they were let alone.

To

To tumble from a house, or from a tow'r,
And break a luckless brace of legs and arms,
Would make one look most *miserably* *sour*;
Yet are there men, who deem all these *no harms*.

Then *seek* them, GODDESS—fouse them on the stones,
And for their goodly comfort, crack their bones.

If in a *well*-stuff'd coach, *well*-overfet,
A broken leg and thigh and arm I get,
I am not, I confess, of that pure leaven,
To crawl out on my hands and knees, and say,
Grace-like, "For what I have receiv'd this day,
"I humbly thank thee, O most gracious Heav'n."

O Mistress of the terrifying mien,
The boatswain's deep-ton'd voice and brawny arm,
O be not within *leagues* of PETER seen;
Thy cat-o'-nine-tails cannot, cannot *charm*.

A stupid scholar, GODDESS, I shall be;
Thy conversations are *too deep* for me.

Yes, MADAM, you are too sublime a Dame
For PETER's company, I speak with shame—
A little winning *wench* contenteth me,

'Clep'd

'*Clep'd* FORTUNE, a good-natur'd smiling lass,
 Who constant lights my pipe, and fills my glass,
 And makes my ev'ry day a *jubilee*.

This is the sweet companion for my money ;
 Such is the little Syren I desire—
 Thou art all gall, and she all milk and honey ;
 'Tis *at a distance* I must thee admire.

A hawk-like appetite, and empty platters,
 The bleak wind whistling through a coat in tatters,
 The flight of fancied friends, a foe's abuses,
 Are *things* for which my bowels do not yearn ;
 For rot me, MADAM, if I can discern
One atom of their several earthly uses.

MORALITY may wear a ruffle shirt,
 I really think, and not his conscience hurt—
 MORALITY may also like nice picking ;
 For since the great ALL-WISE has giv'n us fowls,
 Mankind were certainly a set of owls,
 To dare to place damnation in a chicken.

MORALITY, I ween, may go well drest ;
 Keep a good fire, and live upon the *best* ;

Throw by his wheel-barrow, and keep a carriage ;
 Visit the Op'ra, Masquerade, and Play ;
 Drink Claret, Burgundy, Champagne, Tokay ;
 Get fifty thousand with a girl in marriage.

To eat from splendid plate, or homely manger,
 Methinks the soul is just in *equal* danger.

Besides, 'tis *late*, O GODDESS, in the day—
 I'm not a subject fit for thee to flay ;

To speak the truth, my nerves *too nicely* feel—
 Go, search the motley mixture of mankind ;
 Some young enthusiast wild, thou soon mayst find,
 Proud of thy whips, and glad to *grace* thy wheel.

So great for my *own person* is my love,
 And *hard* thy lessons, I can't *now begin* 'em—
 Besides, as I have hinted *just above*,
 I'd rather *read* of battles than *be in* 'em.

S O N G T O S A P P H O .

AT length, O fairest Nymph, farewell !
 Let sighs alone my passion tell ;
 With tears I quit thy arms :

Qq

Adieu

Adieu each eve of pure delight ;
 Adieu each morn with rapture bright ;
 Adieu thy *brighter* charms !

Where'er by FATE condemn'd to stray,
 Where PHŒBUS pours the golden day,
 Or sleeps beneath the wave,
 Thine image will my path pursue,
 And ever present on my view,
 Detain me still a slave.

In vain I roam—I strive in vain
 To break, O beauteous MAID, thy chain !
 Yet why my fetters part ?
 Ev'n now thy sighs, my sighs approve ;
 Ev'n now thy love, returns my love,
 And yields me heart for heart !

INVOCATION TO ST. CECILIA.

ON A LADY SINGING.

DESCEND, O GODDESS, from thy sphere,
 And listen to a BRITISH MAID ;
 A sweeter SAPPHO warbles here,
 Than charm'd of yore the Lesbian shade.

Yet not like SAPPHO's mourns her strain,
Alas! with Love's desponding sigh;
To DELIA's beauty bows each swain,
And owns the triumph of her eye.

ON THE DEATH OF A MUSICAL FRIEND.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

How blest were the NYMPHS and the SWAINS,
When LYCIDAS join'd in the song;
The chief, and the pride of the plains,
Who led all the PLEASURES along!

Of late, not a valley was fair,
Not a grove gave a musical sound;
The breeze seem'd a sigh of despair,
And PITY sat mute on the ground.

But NATURE (how sudden the change!)
At the presence of LYCIDAS smil'd—
HEALTH was seen through the valley to range,
And an Eden sprung up from the wild!

The thrush was heard in the shade;
The linnet enliven'd the grove,

And

And ECHO, long banish'd, sweet MAID,
Return'd with her stories of Love.

Yes, each scene at his presence was glad,
That so lately with sorrow was rent;
And the voice of the MOURNER so sad,
Was lost in the songs of CONTENT.

Just able to crawl o'er the stile,
And doom'd, ah! to labour no more,
AGE would crawl from his cot with a smile,
And a blessing to leave at his door.

But the SHEPHERD for ever is gone—
Hark! his knell, how it saddens the gale!
Joy dies, and our pastimes are flown:
FATE envies the smiles of our vale.

Now let MIRTH from each hamlet retire
To the region of silence and gloom:
Sure his death must our sorrow inspire,
Since the VIRTUES will weep at his tomb.

APOLLO TO THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY,

AT THE CROWN AND ANCHOR.

YE sons of ANACREON, listen awhile ;

'Tis APOLLO, your friend, that sends greeting—

• Of your pleasures, we GODS are in love with the *style*,
And are mad to be down at your meeting.

Father JOVE with your sounds is so wond'rously pleas'd,

That he swears at our *flats* and our *sharps* ;

With the squawls of each MUSE he'll no longer be teaz'd,
So commands me to break up their harps.

He has quite put a stop to poor MOMUS's fun,

And forbid his *jeux d'esprit* to flow ;

Thus our club is knock'd up, because we're outdone
By the mirth of you mortals below.

Then accept my petition—a wish most sincere ;

Let me join as the *Laureate* your throng ;

Though I cannot, like INCLEDON, ravish your ear,
I can give you a pretty good song.

As for example :

R r

SONG

S O N G B Y A P O L L O.

A p-x on all sorrow—on happiness seize—
 CARE, avaunt! nor our pleasures alloy;
 Since JOVE has giv'n passions and objects to please,
 The meaning is, *Mortals enjoy.*

JOVE's a God of ten thousand—the MONARCH, I know,
 Loves his bottle, girl, song, and a jest;
 Has a monstrous regard for *choice spirits* below,
 And is charm'd when his creatures are blest.

But he's vex'd when a fool takes it into his head,
 That he's *lost*, if he meddles with *pleasure*;
 And thinks, too, the fellow confounded *ill-bred*,
 To *refuse* when he *offers* the treasure.

When a Zealot has turn'd up the whites of his eyes,
 With long phiz, and a puritan strain,
 I have seen the God laugh, and in fun, from the skies,
 Make up mouths at the blockhead again.

Then push round the bottle—let each give his song;
 Wit, Humour, and Friendship attend us;
 And whilst for enjoyment our passions are strong,
 Let us ask not his GODSHIP to *mend us.*

Thus

Thus we'll revel, till MORNING peeps into our glafs,
Then to fcenes of new rapture remove;
To embrace with devotion a wife or a lafs,
And be blest on the bofom of LOVE.

ODE TO A HANDSOME WIDOW.

SEE yonder cloud, that mopes with mournful fhade,
Black! black, as though it never would be bright!
SOL, like a bridegroom comes, a jovial blade,
Clasps her with warmth, and lo, her darknefs, Light!
The drefs of CLOUD foon alters! for, behold,
Her gloomy Sables change to pink and gold!

DAUGHTER of sorrow, thus *perchaunce* 'twill be,
If I mistake not NATURE, foon with *thee*.

Pale as the pale rain-loaded lily's look,
And languid as the willow o'er the brook,
Exalt once more that drooping form to *joy*;
Too long the lute of WOE, with dying found,
And melting lullaby thine eye hath drown'd;
The *trump* of RAPTURE fhould his voice employ;

The sprightly FIDDLE rouse his sister DANCE,
And bid thy cold heart glow with LOVE's romance.

Thy lifted eyes *too eloquently* mourn,
Deep-swimming in the silent fount of tears !
And then thy voice so musically lorn,
Accusing FATE's *too cruel, cruel* sheers,
Wakes all the soft emotions of my heart,
That sympathising fain would *mirth* impart.

But grief for Spouses lasts not Ladies long ;
Yet *very* poignant !—yes, though *short*, 'tis *strong*,
When first the best of husbands breathes his last :
And if his *all* be left them !—what a storm
Of sighs and tears their beauty to deform !

GRIEF seems as *ever* he would ride the blast.

Yet *soon*, 'tis said, the winds of WOE are still ;
And tears, from *torrents*, sink a *prattling rill*.

Think what a pair of sparkling eyes are *thine*,
And do not drown their Cupids in the brine ;
And think too on thy pretty dimpled cheek—
Think of thy flaxen hair, whose beauties flow
In broad luxuriance o'er thy breast of snow ;
And think too of that soft and polish'd neck.

Think

Think of thy lips, that kisses can impart,
So ready from their ruby beds to start!

Thus speak those lips, "We *will* be kiss'd again."
And in the same sweet fascinating strain,

Thy polish'd bosom says, "I *will* be press'd ;"
And then thy cheek, the loveliest of our Isle,
Exclaims, "I *will* resume the cheerful smile,
"My bloom *shall* make some future lover blest."

O listen to thy locks from fashion hurl'd—

"We *will* look christian-like—we *will* be curl'd ;

"We *will* not imitate a cow's strait tail :"

And then thy all-subduing taper waist,
So full of rich desires, and then so *chaste*,

While others are so marvellously *frail*—

"I *will* be clasp'd by some smart swain, I say,

"Not, like a cabbage-stalk, be flung away."

Thy heart too speaks! "Though *now*, alas! forlorn,

"There seems no reason for *eternal* fighting :

"Owl-like, *a little* let me mope and mourn,

"But not be *ever* swelling, groaning, dying."

S s

Hark !

Hark ! from thy hand, which thou dost wretched wring—
 “ Give me” (a finger cries) “ *another* ring.”
 Oh ! canst thou hear it on such wishes dwell,
 And not indulge it with the *bagatelle* ?

Daughter of Grief, then hamper not thy charms,
 Who, really grown rebellious, pant for arms ;
 Give way then to the roving mutineers—
 And shouldst thou say, “ Lord ! who will *take* ’em in ?”
 Trust me, *I’ll* entertain ’em, ev’ry *skin*—
 My bosom’s open to the pretty DEARS.

O D E.

PETER descanteth on the precariousness of Life, wisheth to be at his
 own disposal, and sheweth no objection to an emendation of NATURE.

AH ! this our world’s a world of sad mishaps ;
 Befet with DEATH’s uncomfortable traps !
 Hard squeez’d we sometimes get away to groan :
 Now half the body’s in the spiteful gin,
 And now th’ unlucky tail, to make us grin,
 So that we dare not call our souls *our own*.

I do not like *entails*—I hate controul—
Jove ! give me the *fee simple* of my soul ;
Around this system let me range at ease,
To stay, or quit it, whensoever I please.

Amid the wonders of CREATION's field,
Strange ! that EXISTENCE should to *trifles* yield !

Behold that promising Herculean Boy :
A Zephyr on his infant cradle blows ;
Lo ! out at once LIFE's little candle goes,
The flame too of a parent's hope and joy.

Thus shall the poor mean solitary worm
Kill, in the acorn's kind protecting cell,
The small oak-embryo, that had mock'd the storm,
And smil'd upon the sulphur'd flash of hell ;
Had push'd its roots where EARTH's deep centre lies,
And with its tow'ring branches brav'd the skies.

'Tis a *strange* world we live in, to be sure ;
A world of wounds, I fear, without a cure !
DAME NATURE seems a sad unnat'ral *Mother* :
Methinks 'tis hard, *one* animal should die,
Groan out his last, and *ever* close his eye,
To treat with life and rosy health *another*.

'Tis

'Tis strange indeed! yet *true*, though passing strange;
Where'er the foot or eye of man can range,
 This munching, mad, devouring system reigns!
O could our mortal palate feed on *roses*,
As on their dainty essence, feed our noses,
 This world were then a pleasurable scene.

'Tis murder, murder, now, from morn to night!
Look at a simple act that yields delight—
 The Ploughman toiling through his fallow'd ground:
Happy he turns the glebe for vegetation—
Yet in this act how many a harmless nation
 Of worms, poor reptiles, feel the grinding wound!
Whilst rooks, and crows, and magpies, hop behind,
Alert and greedy, gobbling all they find!

That 'tis a *good* world cannot be contended—
 I wish 'twere *mended*.

O S G A R ' s P R A Y E R.

ELFRID, the beautiful daughter of OSGAR, was a captive amongst the Druids, and designed as a sacrifice to the Gods.—Amidst a storm of thunder and lightning, he goes to the Druid mountain, in order to procure, by his supplications and an offer of his own life on the altar, his daughter's liberty.

O S G A R.

Ye winds, that warring thus, around me rage,
Cease your rude thunders on the wretch who dies ;
Poor is the triumph o'er desponding AGE,
Whose energy is only in his sighs !

Ye forked lightnings that around me flame,
Ye mark two languid eyes, that weep and pray ;
Once, once, like you, high-kindling shone their beam,
'Till TIME, and dark MISFORTUNE, dimm'd their ray.

Forbear, alas ! to thwart my way forlorn,
Wet with the falling tears of fondest love ;
For *life*, I hear a captive DAUGHTER mourn,
And court compassion from the Druid grove.

T t

My

My feebly bending form, and scanty hair,
Grown white with grief, my tender cause should plead ;
Wake a small pity on my deep despair,
And bid the Druids stay the bloody deed.

If, on their hearts, my sorrows nought avail,
What, without ELFRID, life, poor life, endears ?
Then kill me—then 'tis MERCY lulls the wail,
Of one who counts the moments by his tears.

To the Druids.

SEERS of high knowledge, lo, a grief-worn man,
Whose only daughter is his soul's delight !
For *her* a father woe-begone and wan,
With horror darkens e'en the shade of night.

FATHERS of virtue, why this long delay ?
O lead your willing victim to the shrine :
Quick let me close these eyes upon the day,
That, ELFRID, light may beam for years on thine.

Haste with the knife of fate, ye Druid bands ;
And thus, my daughter's prison-door unbar :
Forbear to bind with cords my wither'd hands—
To *struggle*, were with ELFRID's life to *war*.

Her

Her eye will drop a pearl on OSGAR's tomb ;
Her sighs be balm where'er my urn is laid—
Those let her give, and I will bless my doom ;
I ask no happier offering to my Shade.

FATHERS of knowledge, why this long delay ?
Speak, am I not a *victim* for yon sphere ?
When from your holy mandates did I stray,
And drew from VIRTUE's wounded eye the tear ?

When did I cease your temples to adore ?
Or view'd unaw'd the Druid's ancient fire ;
These rocks, these Idols, I confess'd their pow'r,
And rev'rent sung their wonders to my lyre.

When was the faith of OSGAR known to fail ?
What injur'd spirits of my flights complain ?
What spectre, 'midst the thunders of the gale,
On OSGAR mournful call'd, and call'd in vain ?

Have I not walk'd with many a sheeted ghost,
'Midst the dread silence of the midnight gloom ;
On moonlight mountains met the haggard host,
How wild ! with all their horrors from the tomb ?

Shrunk

Shrunk PENURY, as crawling from the grave,
 Ne'er left with forrowing downcast eye my door :
 Thanks to the Gods, who wealth to OSGAR gave,
 And taught its happy worth, to help the Poor.

A daughter's virtues are my only boast !
 A sweet simplicity, unspoil'd by art :
 Lo, with my ELFRID's life, a *world* is lost !
 All, all forsakes me, but a breaking heart.

O spare the terrors of a blameless Maid ;
 And let *my sufferings* her dear days prolong :
 O ! be *these* limbs along your altar laid ;
 O'er bleeding OSGAR hymn the victim's song.

The sigh that wafts the parting soul away,
 Retires from *others* with unwilling flight—
 With *joy*, *my* spirit shall desert its clay,
 And bless you DRUIDS for the cruel rite.

Let not my ELFRID see my blood-stain'd hair,
 Nor cheek so pale, which saves her precious breath ;
 A scene so sad, her gentle nature spare :
 Her wounded heart, so soft, would weep to death.

Yet would my ELFRID see no frown appear,
As fullen, sorrowing for the loss of life :
I'll teach my languid cheek a *smile* to wear,
And show its triumph in the tender strife.

Enough of woe, her drooping strength will prove,
When cold beneath the lonely turf I lie :
The bleeding hist'ry of a parent's love,
Will often dim the crystal of her eye.

Ye Gods ! when dead, permit my ghost to roam,
Peace to her turtle bosom to impart ;
To guard from pining thought her tender bloom,
And snatch from WOE's o'erwhelming floods her heart.

Thus, thus, attendant be my watchful shade,
Till FATE, commanding, seal her dove-like eye ;
Then let me fondly clasp my darling Maid,
And add another glory to your sky.

O deal the blow, and ELFRID's form release !—
He said—the melting Druids heard his pray'r ;
Rever'd his virtues, bade him go in peace,
And to a father's fondness gave the FAIR.

D E L I A:

A P A S T O R A L E L E G Y.

Lo, the pride of the village is dead !
 Lo, the bloom of our vale is no more !
 Now SORROW sits dumb in the shade,
 Where RAPTURE oft carol'd before.

Like the Morn, she enliven'd the groves ;
 Like the Summer, gave life to the swain ;
 For her smile was the feat of the LOVES,
 And her voice the sweet song of the plain !

O DELIA, divine is thy name !
 Thy merits we all shall revere ;
 We shall dwell with delight on thy fame,
 And think of thy loss with a tear.

Ev'n our *children* shall lisp in thy praise !
 Their Instructress shall INNOCENCE be ;
 Who their little ambition shall raise,
 To resemble a Fair-one like Thee.

Though lodg'd in a Church-yard so drear,
Which the yew-tree furrounds with its gloom ;
Thy virtue a *sun* shall appear,
And thy graces be *flow'rs* on thy tomb.

M A D R I G A L.

How sweet is every shepherd's song !
How fair the vows that load his tongue !
His soul with every sigh expires,
His bosom flames with furious fires !

This ev'ry day we *seem* to see ;
But when will LOVE and TRUTH agree ?

When spiders, for the harmless fly,
In silent ambush cease to lie ;
When foxes keen with poultry *play*,
And from the lambkin run away ;
Then may the world with wonder see,
That LOVE and TRUTH at last agree.

SONG,

SONG, BY SYLVIA.

WHEN first my Shepherd told his tale,
He droop'd and languish'd, look'd and sigh'd;
"Good Heav'n," thought I, and then turn'd pale,
"How often men for love have *died*!"

Then pond'ring well, thought I again,
"'Tis pity kill so sweet a swain!"

With *such* a warmth my hand he prest,
My heart was fill'd with wild alarms,
That bouncing, bouncing at my breast,
Cry'd, "Take poor COLIN to your arms."
And then my *tongue* began its strain,
"'Tis pity kill so sweet a swain!"

Now WISHES rise, his cause to plead,
The mutineers, in faucy bands,
And roar, "For shame to strike him dead,
And have a *murder* on your hands!"
"WISHES, you're right," quoth I, "'tis plain—
"What then? *What then*! I *sav'd* the swain."

ODE TO THE SUN.

O THOU, bright Ruler of the day,
To whom unnumber'd millions pray,
And, kneeling, deem thee all divine ;
Eternal foe of inky NIGHT,
Who puttest all her imps to flight,
Receive the POET's grateful line.

I own I love thy early beam,
That gilds the hill and vale and stream,
And trees and cots and rural spires ;
And, happy, 'mid the vallies' song,
I listen to the minstrel throng,
And, thankful, hail thy genial fires.

Yet lo, the Lords of this huge place*
Care not three straws for thy bright face,
Nay, thy rich lamp with curses load ;
When thou gett'st up, they go to bed ;
And when the night-cap's on *thy* head,
They stare, and flit like owls abroad.

* London.

X x

Yes,

Yes, yes, indeed they oft protest
 That thou'rt a most intruding beast ;
 And lo, in triumph thus they say,
 " Behold our Navy, Britain's pride !
 " From pole to pole our vessels glide,
 " And sail as safe by night as day.

" Want we a fruit, of flavour fine ?"
 Exclaim the GREAT—" behold, the pine
 " Is better warm'd by coal and tan :
 " Not ev'n to one exotic plant
 " The sun a perfect taste can grant—
 " Deny the stubborn fact, who can ?"

The Footmen too, with winking eyes,
 Abuse thy journey up the skies ;
Messieurs Postillions, *Mesdames* Cooks—
 Content to lie a-bed all day,
 They hate, alas ! thy rising ray,
 And curse thy all-observing looks.

Vex'd to their houses to be driv'n,
 The GREAT retire from routs, their heav'n,
 And break up in a horrid passion,

And

And cry, "In *times of old*, indeed,
 "The *tasteless world* a fun might need,
 "But now the fool is out of fashion.

 "About his business let him go,
 "And light on *other* systems throw,
 "Vulgars! that never wax-lights handle!
 "Nay, while a *mutton*-light remains,
 "A *sun* with us no credit gains,
 "But yields to ev'ry *farthing candle*."

THE QUEEN OF FRANCE TO HER CHILDREN,

Just before her Execution.

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

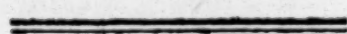
FROM my prison with joy could I go,
 And with smiles meet the savage decree,
 Were it only to sleep from my woe,
 Since the grave holds no terrors for *me*.

But from *you*, O my children, to part!
 Oh! a coward I melt at my doom;

Ye draw me to earth, and my heart
Sighs for life, and shrinks back from the tomb.

Lift, lift not to CALUMNY's lie,
For I know not of guilt and its fears ;
And when at my fate ye will figh,
My ghost shall rejoice in your tears.

In blessings, ah ! take my last breath !
Dear babes of my bosom, adieu !
May the cloud be dispers'd by my death,
And open a sunshine for *you* !



TO A LADY,
WHO WISHED NOT TO BE ADMIR'D.

AH, foolish DELIA ! since you hate
That people of your charms should prate ;
Give *me* that face, that air divine,
And in exchange accept of *mine*.

Thus shall I gain my heart's desire,
And set a raptur'd world on fire—
You'll too be pleas'd, (no longer doubt ye)
As folks won't say one word about ye.

SONG.

S O N G.

DEAR PHILLIDA, do not my passion despise ;
Ah ! wherefore disdain all my vows and my sighs ?
Can cruelty dwell with the dove ?
O PHILLIDA, think not I mean to deceive ;
Whatever I tell thee, with safety believe ;
For TRUTH is the daughter of LOVE.

Of beauty and grace thou hast got such a store ;
The eye that beholds thee, at once must *adore* ;
Nor wish from thine altar to rove :
Distrust not, I beg thee, the pow'r of thy smile ;
The Swain who now woos thee, is void of all guile ;
And TRUTH is the daughter of LOVE.

Yet, PHILLIDA, let me confess in thine ear,
I would fly from thy charms, which so much I revere,
But their magic forbids me to move :
And yet, as *inconstancy* governs the FAIR,
Perhaps thou mayst *smile*, and thus end my despair ;
HOPE too is the daughter of LOVE.

ODE ON FRENCH TASTE.

'T_Is laughable to see a Frenchman swell;
 Proud of his tragic Idol, PIERRE CORNEILLE,
 Baptiz'd, *forsooth*, LE GRAND!
 But our fop neighbours see things with *strange* eyes!
 Alas! SUBLIMITY ne'er left her skies,
 To take a *Frenchman* by the hand.

It is, indeed, a very *diff'rent* DAME—
 A meretricious, noisy Lads, I ween;
 A bouncing Giantess, with eyes of flame,
 And such a daring and Medusa mien!

Trick'd out in flaunting lace, and stiff brocade,
 With cabbage-roses loaded, glaring, vast!
Such is the Frenchman's song-inspiring Maid;
 The name of this bold Brobdignag, BOMBAST.

SUBLIMITY's a sweet, majestic FAIR;
 So simple in her form, and speech, and paces;
 So elegant her manners and her air—
 A JUNO dress'd by all the easy GRACES.

T O T I M E.

A N A N A C R E O N T I C.

C O M E hither—pr'ythee haste, old T I M E,
And see what joys amongst us reign ;
The bottle, M U S I C, girls, and rhyme,
And F R I E N D S H I P's soul, delight the scene.

Then hither pr'ythee, T I M E, repair,
And taste the pleasures, G O D S should *share*.

The Tuscan juice profusely flows ;
We sing of L O V E, and D E L I A's charms ;
When M O R N I N G warns us to repose,
We clasp a fav'rite in our arms.

Then hither &c.

Ah, could our joys *for ever* last !
But, T I M E, thy minutes fly too fast :
Yet wouldst thou pass *one* evening here,
Thou'dst make each *hour* a *thousand* year.

Then hither, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

Y^E GENTIL 'SQUIRES, give over sighs,
 To gain regard in ladies' eyes,
 And make them doat upon ye;
 For LOVE has long been kick'd to door,
 Because the little God is *poor*—
 Who's welcome without money?

Try, *gentil* Sirs, a *diff'rent* scheme;
 For truly 'tis an idle dream
 To woo with words of honey:
 Change (if ye wish *their hearts* to fix)
 Your *hearts* into a *coach and six*,
 And coin your *sighs* to *money*!

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

LONE MINSTREL of the moonlight hour,
 Who charm'ft the silent list'ning plain,
 A hapless PILGRIM treads thy bow'r,
 To hear thy solitary strain.

How soothing is the song of woe,
 To *me*, whom LOVE hath doom'd to pine!
 For, 'mid those sounds that plaintive flow,
 I hear *my* sorrows mix with *thine*.

DINAH, OR MY LADY'S HOUSEKEEPER.

JUST forty-five, was Mistress DINAH's age,
My LADY's Housekeeper—stiff, dry, and sage,
Quoting old proverbs oft, with much formality :
A pair of flannel cheeks compos'd her face ;
Red were her eyes, her nose of snipe-bill race,
Which took a deal of snuff, of Scottish quality.

Her small prim mouth bore many a hairy sprig,
Resembling much the bristles on a pig :
She likewise held a handsome length of chin,
Tapering away to sharpness like a pin.

Her teeth so yellow much decay bespake,
As every other tooth her mouth had fled ;
Thus, when she grinn'd, they seem'd a garden-rake,
Or sheep's bones planted round a flow'et bed.

Her hair (*'clep'd carrots* by the WITS) was red,
Sleek comb'd upon a roll around her head ;
Moreover comb'd up very close behind—
No wanton ringlets waving in the wind !

Z z

Upon

Upon her head a small mob-cap she plac'd,
Of lawn so stiff, with large flow'r'd ribbon grac'd,
Yclept a knot and bridle, in a bow,
Of scarlet flaming, her long chin below.

A goodly formal handkerchief of lawn,
Around her scraggy neck, with parchment skin,
Was fair and smooth, with starch precision drawn,
So that no prying eye might peep within.

Yet *bad* it peep'd, it had espied no swell,
No lovely swell—no more than on a cat ;
For, lo ! was DINAH's neck (I grieve to tell)
As any tombstone, or a flounder, flat.

Now on this handkerchief so starch and white,
Was pinn'd a Barcelona, black and tight.

A large broad-banded apron, rather short,
Surrounded her long waist, with formal port.

On week-days were black worsted mittens worn ;
Black filk, on Sundays, did her arms adorn.

Long, very long, was Mistress DINAH's waist ;
The stiff stay high before, for *reasons chaste* ;

A scarlet petticoat she gave to view—
With a broad plaited back she wore a gown,
Of stuff, of yellow oft, and oft of brown,
And oft a damask, well beflow'r'd with blue.
Moreover, this same damask gown, or stuff,
Had a large sleeve, and a long ruffle cuff.

Black worsted stockings on her legs she wore;
Black leather shoes too, which small buckles bore,
Compos'd of shining silver, also square,
Holding a pretty antiquated air.

Shrill was her voice, that whistled through her beard;
And tunes, at times, were most discordant heard,
Harsh grating on poor JOHN the Footman's ear;
Harsh grating on the ears of House-maids *too*,
Postillion *eke*, who curs'd her for a shrew,
And Kitchen-wench, whom MIS'RY taught to *swear*.

All, all but JEHU, felt her pow'rful tongue,
Whose happier ear was sooth'd by *sweeter* song.

No company but JEHU's did she keep,
In horse-flesh, and a coach, profoundly deep;
My Lady's Coachman, stout, and young, and ruddy;

Great

Great friends were they!—full oft indeed together,
They walk'd, regardless of the wind and weather,
So pleas'd each other's happiness to study.

For FRIENDSHIP, to a *Zephyr* sinks a *storm*—
Turns to a *pigmy*, DANGER's giant form—
Nought casts a dread on FRIENDSHIP's steady eye:
Thus did the couple seek the *darkest* grove,
Where SILENCE, and sweet MEDITATION, rove;
Where SOL, intrusive, was forbid to *pry*.

Greatly in sentences did she delight,
So pious! putting people in the right;
And often in the pray'r-book would she look—
Where *matrimony* was much thumb'd indeed,
Because she oft'nest here GOD's word did read,
The sweetest page in all the blessed book.

All on the Bible too did DINAH pore,
Where chaste SUSANNA nearly was a wh—,
By wicked ELDERS almost overcome:
King DAVID's actions too did DINAH read,
A Man of GOD's own heart—but call'd indeed,
A wicked fornicating rogue by *some*.

Of SOLOMON, admir'd she much the Song ;
Could read the Monarch's wisdom all day long—
And where's the wonder ! lo, the gallant JEW,
Of mortal hearts, the great queen Passion knew :
Thus fung he of the sparrow and the dove,
And pour'd instruction through the voice of LOVE.

John Bunyan read she too, and Kempis Tom,
Who plainly shew'd the way to kingdom-come.

So modest was she, she got turn'd away
SUSAN the kitchen-wench, for harmless play
With DICK the Driver—likewise harmless DICK,
Because he took from SUSAN's lips a kifs,
Because too, SUSAN gave him up the blifs,
Without a scream, a faint-fit, or a kick.

If JOHN the Footman's eye on LUCY leer'd,
My Lady's Maid, she watch'd him like a cat ;
And if the slightest word of Love she heard,
Quick in the fire indeed was all the fat—
Off were the couple trundled—man and maid—
JOHN for a rogue, and LUCY for a jade.

A a a

If

If e'er she heard of some forsaken Lads,
Who lost, by dire mishap, her maiden fame,
At once she call'd her trollop, minx of brags,
Strumpet, and ev'ry coarse opprobrious name.

Small was the mercy DINAH kept in store
For sinful flesh—the *smallest* for a wh—.

So modest DINAH! if she saw two cats
Ogling and pawing with their pretty pats,
Kissing and squinting love, with frisking hops;
Fir'd at the action, what would DINAH do?
Slip down her hand, and slyly take her shoe,
Then launch in thunder at their am'rous chops.

With pigeons 'twas the same, and other birds—
All who made love, came in for bitter words;
Poor simple souls, amidst the genial ray,
Whom simple NATURE call'd to simple play;
But DINAH call'd it vile *adulteration*,
A wicked, impudent abomination.

It happen'd on a day, that grievous cries,
By DINAH pour'd, created great surprise—
Ull, very ill, in bed, alas! she lay:

A dreadful

A dreadful Colic—her good Lady wept,
Gave her rich cordials—to her bedside crept,
When DINAH begg'd that she would go away.

Down went my Lady to the parlour strait,
Fearful that DINAH soon would yield to fate;
And full of sorrow as my Lady went,
Sighs for her Maid's recov'ry, back she sent.

Lo, Doctor PESTLE comes to yield relief—
He feels her pulse—is solemn, sage, and brief;
Prescribeth for the Colic—nought avails;
On DINAH, lo, the dire disorder gains;
Stronger and faster flow the colic pains,
Fear, trembling, paleness, ev'ry soul assails.

“Poor DINAH!” sighs each mouth around the room,
Join'd to a length'ning face of dread and gloom.

At last, poor DINAH pours a death-like groan—
A ghastly terror seizeth ev'ry one:

My LADY hears the cry, alas! below—
She sends for Doctor PESTLE—PESTLE strait
Runs to my Lady—“Doctor, what's her fate?”

“Speak, is it death, dear Doctor, yes, or no?”

“ Not *death*, but *life*, (cries PESTLE) forc’d that squawl;
“ A little JEHU’s come to light, that’s all.”

TO CHLOE.

LET SORROW seek her native night,
For why should mortals court the tear?
Joy, Joy should wing each moment’s flight,
And Echo nought but rapture hear.

I’ll gather wisdom from the dove,
And make my life a life of love.

While YOUTH fits sparkling in thine eyes,
And lips are rich with many a kiss;
Aloud the voice of NATURE cries,
“ I form’d those charms alone for bliss:
“ Go, NYMPH, learn wisdom from my dove,
“ And be thy life a life of love.”

THE YOUNG FLY, AND THE OLD SPIDER.

A FABLE.

IN this original and beautiful fable, the PoET alludeth to the arts of Men, who, by flattery, &c. are constantly laying snares for INNOCENCE. The BARD, moreover, sheweth, that PRUDENCE may smile at the machinations of a great rogue.

Fresh was the breath of morn—the busy breeze,
As PoETS tell us, whisper'd through the trees,
And swept the dew-clad blooms with wing so light ;
PhœBUS got up, and made a blazing fire,
That gilded every country house and spire,
And smiling, put on his best looks so bright.

On this fair morn, a SPIDER who had set,
To catch a breakfast, his old waving net,
With curious art upon a spangled thorn ;
At length, with gravely-squinting longing eye,
Near him espied a pretty plump young fly,
Humming her little orisons to morn.

B b b

“ Good

“ Good morrow, dear Mifs FLY,” quoth gallant GRIM—

“ Good morrow, Sir,” reply’d Mifs FLY to him—

“ Walk in, Mifs, pray, and see what I’m about :”

“ I’m much oblig’d t’ye, Sir,” Mifs FLY rejoin’d,

“ My eyes are both so very good, I find,

“ That I can plainly see the whole, *without*.”

“ Fine weather, Mifs”—“ Yes, very very fine,”

Quoth Mifs—“ prodigious fine indeed :”

“ But why so coy ?” quoth GRIM, “ that you decline

“ To put within my bow’r your pretty head ?”

“ ’Tis simply this,”

Quoth cautious Mifs,

“ I fear you’d like my *pretty head* so well,

“ You’d keep it for yourself, Sir—who can tell ?”

“ Then let me squeeze your lovely hand, my dear,

“ And prove that all your dread is foolish, vain.”—

“ I’ve a sore finger, Sir, nay more, I fear

“ You really would not let it go again.”

“ Poh, poh, child, pray dismiss your idle dread ;

“ I would not hurt a hair of that sweet head—

“ Well, then, with one kind kifs of *friendship* meet me :”

“ La, Sir,” (quoth Miss, with seeming artless tongue)

“ I fear our *salutation* would be *long* ;

“ So *loving*, too, I fear that you would *eat me*.”

So saying, with a smile she left the rogue,

To weave more lines of death, and plan for prog.

M A D R I G A L.

W H E N LOVE and TRUTH together play'd,

So chearful was the Shepherd's song !

How happy, too, the rural Maid !

How light the minutes wing'd along !

But LOVE has left the fighting vale,

And TRUTH no longer tells her tale.

Sly stealing, see, from scene to scene,

The watchful JEALOUSY appear ;

And pale DISTRUST with troubled mien,

The rolling eye, and list'ning ear !

For LOVE has left the fighting vale,

And TRUTH no longer tells her tale.

Ah !

Ah! shall we see no more the hour,
 That wafted rapture on its wing?
 With murmurs shall the riv'let pour,
 That prattled from its crystal spring?
 Yes, yes, while LOVE forsakes the vale,
 And TRUTH no longer tells her tale.

T O C H L O E.

FIVE thousand years have roll'd away,
 And yet, ten thousand blockheads say,
 "O Pleasure, thou'rt the devil:"
 While NATURE bids them joy embrace,
 They fling the blessing in her face;
 Now this is most uncivil!

But I'm not one of those, (thank heav'n!)
 Ingratitude was never giv'n
 To my good heart I'm sure:
 Would CHLOE yield a thousand kisses,
 Upon my knees I'd seize the blisses,
 And beg a thousand more.

ODE

ODE TO A COUNTRY 'SQUIRE,

ON THE EVE OF HIS MARRIAGE.

GREAT 'SQUIRE ! you're now upon the eve of marriage,
 And, O *great* 'SQUIRE, I know you are a *bog* ;
 Indeed so sad a brute in all your carriage,
 You'll freely give your wife up for a dog.

This day will yield a FAIR-ONE to your arms,
 Whose dow'r are all the Virtues, and her charms.

Forc'd by the frown of POVERTY to wed,
 With deep regret, I see th' unwilling FAIR
 Dragg'd from her LOVER, to thy hated bed—
 Sold by a cruel Parent to DESPAIR :

See her deck'd out by garish, idle ART,
 To captivate thy vulgar, savage heart,
 And live a TYRANT's *slave*—a servile wife !
 How like the victim lamb, in ribbons drest,
 Led from its vale and sport, so lately blest,
 To lose its sweetly-inoffensive life !

Now, 'Squire, I'll tell you how 'twill be ere long—
 (O could the thunder of the Poet's song,

C c c

Preventing,

Preventing, dash thine iron cheek with shame !
 Thou'lt quarrel with her virtues, peerless beauty !
 Bid her " like spaniels, understand her duty ;"
 Upbraid her with the want of *wealth* and *name*.

Wilt say she came a *beggar* to thy house ;
 That through *mere charity* thou took'st her in ;
 Tell her she " crawls about thee like a louse,
 " Eternally a torment to thy skin."

How dares thy fancy nurse the lying thought ;
 How durst, alas ! thy villain tongue declare,
 That, when to *thee* the beauteous MAID was brought,
 Thy offer'd hand *with honour* cloath'd the FAIR ?

Know, with the *virtues* of the charming MAID,
 Know, with her *beauties* thou'rt too well repaid ;
Ev'n by a smile, that all our envy draws :
 Ah ! when she yieldeth to thy lips her kifs,
 And bosom yields thee, (too sublime a blifs !)
 The luckless VIRGIN barter *gems* for *straws*.

At length thou'lt leave her for a *wench*—thy *Cook* ;
She will enjoy thy cash, and love-clad look ;
 The turnspit-bastards, to thine eye be dear—

Thy WIFE, with sweetness bordering on divine,
Pale wretch ! in secret solitude shall pine,
Mourn to the wind, and drop the silent tear.

To heav'n, for help, she lifts the brimfull eye !
Kind HEAV'N resumes the gift its bounty gave—
With happy heart thou hear'st her parting sigh,
And drunken, madding, dancest o'er her grave.

Thy Cook-wench soon becomes thy *proper* mate,
And leaves thee soon for lads who clean thy stables ;
Noses thee, pulls thine ears, and pounds thy pate,
And, with much justice, on thee *turns the tables*.

MA'AM COOK shall oft contrive to see thee *skipping*,
To hide thee from her rage, from room to room ;
Urg'd by a ladle-full of *broth* or *dripping*,
Or by the *strong persuasions* of the broom.

To plague a little more thine aching head,
And keep thee, mournful devil, upon thorns ;
Shall take thy own Postillion to her bed,
And, threat'ning, dare thee once to mention *horns*.

THE

THE COMPLAINT OF MIRZA,

T O

SELIMA, HIS MISTRESS.

[From the Persian.]

WHERE is the Nymph of Sardi's green domain,
The Nymph, whom every Bard of Persia sings?
To find the wand'rer out, and soothe my pain,
Sweet bird of morn, to MIRZA lend thy wings.

But wherefore seek the Nymph of Sardi's vale,
Who fullen flies where Horar's waters roll;
Scorns all my plaints, that mourn along the gale,
And scorns the furge of grief, that sinks my soul?

Ah! can that cheek where BEAUTY's summer dwells,
Retain a smile, whilst MIRZA's sorrows flow?
Ah! can that heart, that every softness swells,
Forbear to heave on MIRZA's songs of woe?

Come, like the morn, pure virgin of delight,
And, blushing, chase the cloud of MIRZA's fears:
Come, like the sun upon the dews of night,
And with thy radiance, smile away my tears.

H A W K I N G, A B A L L A D,

Made at FALCONERS HALL, YORKSHIRE.

COME, sportsmen, away—the morning how fair !
 To the wolds, to the wolds, let us quickly repair ;
 Bold THUNDER* and LIGHTNING* are mad for the game,
 And DEATH† and the DEVIL† are both in a flame.

See, BACKERS‡, a Kite!—a mere speck in the sky—
 Zounds! out with the owl—lo, he catches his eye—
 Down he comes with a sweep—be unhooded each Hawk ;
 Very soon will they both to the *Gentleman* talk.

They're at him—he's off—now they're o'er him again :
 Ah! that was a stroke—see! he drops to the plain—
 They rake him—they tear him—he flutters, he cries,
 He struggles, he turns up his talons, and dies.

See, a Magpie! let fly—how he flutters and shambles !
 How he chatters, poor rogue! now he darts to the brambles :
 Out again—overtaken—his spirits now flag—
 Flip! he gives up the ghost—good night Mister Mag.

* Names of two Hawks.

† Names of Hawks.

‡ The Head Falconer.

Lo, a Heron ! let loose—how he pokes his long neck,
 And darts, with what vengeance, but vainly, his beak !
 Egad, he shifts well—now he feels a death-wound,
 And, with THUNDER and LIGHTNING, rolls tumbling to
 ground.

Thus we Falconers sport—now homewards we stray,
 To fight o'er the bottle, the wars of the day :
 And in honour, at night, of the chace and its charms,
 Sink sweetly to rest, with a *Dove* in our arms.

O D E T O H E A L T H.

PETER *protesteth against Physic.*

SWEET NYMPH, of rosy cheek and sprightly mien,
 Who, vagrant, playful, on the hills art seen,
 E'er SOL illumines the grey world below ;
 Now, doe-like, skipping wild from vale to vale,
 Enamour'd of the rills and fresh'ning gale,
 From whose mild wing the streams of fragrance flow.

O ! 'midst those hills and vales contented stray—
 Thou wilt be ruin'd if thou com'st away—

Doctors too much like man-traps lie in wait—
 They'll tell thee, beauteous NYMPH, ten thousand lies,
 That they can mend thy bloom, and sparkling eyes—
 Avoid, avoid, my dear, the dangerous bait.

Like the *first* woodcock of the year,
 The instant that he dares appear,
 The country's up to kill him—dog and gun!
 So when thou showest, NYMPH, thy rosy face,
 I see at once an Æsculapian chace;
 And, oh! if caught, thou wilt not find it *fun*.

Lo, *this* proclaims he vendeth at *his* shop
 Rich immortality in *his* dear drop;
 Another dire impostor, bawling louder,
 Swears that it lodges only in *his* powder.

These raggamuffins have the name of *Quack*,
 Prepar'd to put thy beauties on the rack—
 But then, the *Regulars*!—ay, what are they?
 The *Regulars*, my love, are *Gentlemen*,
 Whom very justly nine in ten,
 I with an eye of no small dread survey.

The *Regulars* in phyfic, I'm afraid,
 And all th' *irregulars* who ply the trade,

Are

Are just like men that form an army ;
Whichever at you lifts his gun, alas !
Will soon convince you what must come to pass—
The shot will *very comfortably warm ye*.

Indeed, the only diff'rence will be this,
Nor Quack nor Regular the mark will *miss* ;
The art of killing they are all so pat in :
On broken English, fate by *that* you seek ;
By *this*, upon the wings of mongrel Greek,
And pye-bald Latin.

Then once more let me bid thee, blooming LASS,
To keep, like Babylon's great King, *at grass*,
And thou wilt find it not an idle notion :
'Tis fair, that I should try to save thy life—
And know that DEATH is never half so *rife*,
As when the country swarms with *pill* and *potion*.

O blooming WAND'ER of the breezy hills,
Beware then of those potions and those pills—
Be kisses all thy physic, rose-lipp'd HEALTH ;
Kisses, *my easy nostrum*, ne'er are *rife*,
For ever pregnant, lovely NYMPH, with *life*,
And *sweeter* when they are enjoy'd by *stealth*.

I've

I've built a neat snug cottage on the plain—
Pr'ythee drop in some evening on *thy swain*.

T O C H L O E.

CHLOE, I live, and live for *thee alone*;
Trust me, there's nought worth living for, beside:
Nought for thine absence, CHLOE, can atone,
Though PHŒBUS shines, and NATURE pours her pride.

Lo, full of innocence the lambkins bleat;
The brooks in sweetest murmurs purl along;
The lark's, the linnet's voices too, are sweet—
But what are these to CHLOE's tuneful tongue?

With ev'ry balm, the breath of ZEPHYR blows;
But thine can yield a thousand times more blisses:
I own the fragrance of the blushing rose,
But, ah! how faint to balm of CHLOE's kisses!

Ye Gods! I mark thy frown, and scornful eye,
And now thy bridling chin of scorn I see:
And now I hear thee, so contemptuous, cry,
“What are my kisses, saucy SWAIN, to thee?”

E e e

True,

True, dearest CHLOE—yet each kiss divine,
 Which dwelleth on thy lips so very teasing,
 Would quickly change its nature were it *mine*,
 And *rapt'rous* prove—*superlatively pleasing* !

Love is a *generous* God, and 'tis his pleasure
 To see the *gold* he gives, in *circulation*—
 Then cease to *board* such *quantities* of treasure,
 And be afraid to put him in a *passion*.

Thy beauties should the angry God *divide*,
 And throw amongst thy sex, 'twould be alarming ;
 And not a little mortify thy pride,
 To meet, dear CHLOE, ev'ry woman *charming*.

O D E.

PETER *praiseth* Constancy.

TH' unsteady mind is my abomination ;
 I curse the whiffling and inconstant passion :
 From me, dear CONSTANCY, don't, don't depart—
 I love the cooing turtle and her mate—
 The Proteus MUTABILITY I hate—
 A *Demon* when he holds the human heart ;

A flutt'ring straw, to wander so inclin'd ;
Keeping the company of ev'ry wind.

Old customs let us not exchange for new ;
They fit so easy—just like an old shoe :
And let us not, as though from WISDOM's schools,
Fancy our forefathers were arrant fools.

E'en in *religious matters*, folks love *change* ;
Scheming new roads to heav'n, they wildly range ;
Hunting with noses all so keen, about :
I like an honest constancy in souls,
In spite of *interest*, that our race controuls,
Turning, like pudding-bags, men inside out.

In Ireland, not long since, th' unlucky CATTLE,
And that sad plague, call'd MURRAIN, had a battle ;
When MURRAIN prov'd a most victorious foe—
For RAM and EWE, 'SQUIRE BULL, and MADAM COW,
And lusty MISTER BOAR, and MISTRESS SOW,
Were by this rogue in multitudes laid low.

Numbers indeed resign'd their breath,
To fill the gaping tombs of death.

Now in the Parish, midst the MURRAIN's rage,
Which all the Farrier's skill could not assuage,

Liv'd

Liv'd a good Priest—FATHER M'SHANE ;
Famous afar for wonder-working pray'rs ;
Minding not sins one pin, though thick as hares,
Safe were the souls of the profane !

One Sunday he desir'd to say his masses,
Amidst the field—where beasts of various classes,
Infected by this MURRAIN, might appear :
His congregation follow'd, to be sure ;
BULL, COW, PIG, SHEEP, surrounded him *for cure*,
Yielding his masses an attentive ear.

What happen'd ? Disappointed was the DEVIL,
FATHER M'SHANE's good prayers destroy'd the evil ;
BULL, COW, and SHEEP, so hungry, graz'd the plains,
And PIGS, half famish'd, fell upon the grains.

In short, their healths and appetites return'd—
FATHER M'SHANE, what ? laugh'd, while SATAN mourn'd.

Proud of his deed, the holy Father went
To a rich Protestant, with good intent,
To make the MURRAIN from *his* cattle fly :
“ FATHER M'SHANE,” the Farmer cry'd in scorn,
“ *My cattle* all were *Church-of-England* born,
“ And in that holy faith they all shall die.”

A LITTLE SKETCH
OF A CERTAIN
MOST MERCIFUL AND LITTLE JUDGE.

——— *Hunc tu, Romane, caveto;*
Hic niger est ———

Lo, that *be*-periwigg'd black Knave in scarlet,
The robes deep blushing for their Master's soul;
With what solemnity he fits, the varlet!
With what sublimity his eye-balls roll!
With what a grave pomposity he blows
What has been often pull'd—his mean pug-nose!

With what a sanctity pronouncing *death*!
How pleas'd in secret swells the fatal breath!
Religion-cloath'd, each sentence moves along,
While thirst for murder prompts the villain's tongue.

Look at this *Judge*—this fellow, out of court!
The very first in ROGUERY's hawk-ey'd school!
A knave, committing crimes of *ev'ry sort*;
To whom, HYPOCRISY's an arrant fool.

"There's no such *Man*," the world exclaims.—That's true;
But such a *Monster*, ev'ry day we view.

F f f

S I R

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Is it not astonishing that the life of so great a Man as Sir JOHUA REYNOLDS should not have been written? A Painter who possessed more of the charming art than almost any single Professor that ever existed.

But FAME proclaimeth Mr. JAMES BOSWELL to be big with the biography of this celebrated Artist, and ready to sink into the straw!

See JOHNSON's angry ghost, ye Gods, arise!

He drops his nether lip, and rolls his eyes;

And roars, "O Bozzy, Bozzy, spare the *dead*!

"Raife not thy biographic guillotine;

"Decapitate no more with that machine,

"Nor frighten HORROR with a *second* head:

"From REYNOLDS' neck, the pond'rous weapon keep:

"Cease, *Anthropophagus*, to murder sleep!"

There is a wonderful energy, as well as sonorous sublimity in this polysyllabic expression of the Ghost of our immortal Moralist and Lexicographer, not obvious to the *minora sidera* of literature. The word *Anthropophagus* is a derivative from the Greek, signifying *Man-eater*; and Mr.

JAMES BOSWELL having regaled most plentifully on the carcase of Dr. JOHNSON, and meaning to make as hearty a meal on the body of Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, furnisheth the perturbed Spectre with an appellative of fortunate propriety.

JOHNSON and REYNOLDS, lo, for ever lost !
 Of no great man has BOZZY now to boast ;
 Of no rich table now can BOZZY brag :
 Indeed, like faded Beauties, he will say,
 “ ENVY must own *I’ve had my shining day.*”—
 What wert thou ?—an illuminated rag !

But what’s become of boastful BOZZY now ?
 Deep sunk in mournful solitude art thou !
 Amidst thy small tin-box, so drear and dark,
 No *courted* GENIUS casts a lucky spark !
 Nothing to gild thy solitary tinder,
 Save the rude flint and steel of PETER PINDAR.

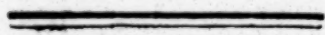
AN EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

THOUGH here in *death* thy relicks lie,
 Thy worth shall live in MEM’RY’S eye ;

Who

Who oft at NIGHT's pale noon shall stray,
To bathe with tears thy lonely clay.

Here PITY too, in weeds forlorn,
Shall, mingling sighs, be heard to mourn ;
With GENIUS drooping o'er thy tomb,
In sorrow for a Brother's doom.



ODE ON THE CHOLERIC CHARACTER.

PETER *reprehendeth* RATIONAL CREATURES, *for their violent Anger*
against INANIMATES.

HAPPY the man whose heart of such a sort is,
As holds more butter-milk than aqua-fortis !
But, lord ! how passionate are *certain folk* !
How like the sea, reflecting ev'ry form,
So placid !—the next instant in a storm,
Dashing against the inoffensive rock ;

Mounting towards the skies with such a thunder,
As though it wish'd (the lev'ler !) to bring under
Sun, moon, and stars, and tear them into tatters—
Such passions verily are serious matters.

Men

Men in morality should ne'er be idle,
But for those passions make a strong curb bridle.

When lofty man doth quarrel with a pin,
In *man* resides the folly or the sin—

Not in the *brass*, by which his finger's spitted—
For with a small philosophy we find,
That, as a pin is not endow'd with mind,
Of malice call'd *prepenſe*, PIN stands acquitted:

Thus then his *awkwardneſs* muſt bear the blame,
And thus to perſecute the pin's a ſhame.
Many inanimates, as well as pins,
Suffer for others' fooleries and ſins.

How oft a drunken blockhead damns a poſt,
That overturns him, breaks his ſhins, or head;
Whoſe eyes ſhould certainly have view'd the coaſt,
And have avoided this ſame poſt ſo dread;

Whereas he ſhould have ſpar'd his idle cries,
And only damn'd his own two *blinking* eyes.

A little Welchman, Welchman-like indeed,
Hot as Chian, that is to ſay—

G g g

A Bachelor

A Bachelor—and therefore ev'ry NEED,
Was, for subsistence, forc'd to *him* to pray:

This BACHELOR, to satisfy withall
His gullet,
Put into a small pot—indeed *too small*,
A Pullet.

The Pullet's legs were not to be confin'd ;
So out they pok'd themselves, so sleek and white :
The Welchman curs'd her legs, with wicked mind,
And push'd them in again, with monst'rous spite.

The Pullet liking not the Pot's embrace,
So *very warm*—indeed a nat'ral case,
Pok'd forth her shrinking legs *again*, so fair ;
With seeming much uneasiness, in troth,
Objecting to her element of broth,
And wishing much to take a little air.

The CAMBRO-BRITON waxing red and hot,
And highly *foaming* too, just like the pot,
Ran to the legs, and shov'd them in once more ;
But, lo ! his oaths and labour all were vain ;
Out pok'd the Pullet's boiling legs again ;
Which put the Welchman's passions in a *roar* !

What will not mortals, urg'd by rage and fin, do?
Mad at defeat, and with a dev'lish scowl,
He seizes with ferocity the fowl,
And, full of vengeance, whirls her out at window.

TO MISS HARRINGTON, OF BATH.

“ALAS, alas, I've lost a day!”
Good TITUS once was heard to say,
And sorely, sorely to repent it—
What was it made the Emp'ror groan?
I'd give a good round sum, I own,
To be inform'd how 'twas he spent it.

Dear TITUS, quickly leave thy tomb;
Enter of HARRINGTON the room,
Whom MUSIC and each GRACE reveres—
I'll answer for't, thou wilt not say,
“Alas, alas, I've lost a *day*!”
But, “Gods! I've found *five hundred years*!”

ANACREON

ANACREON TO HIS LYRE.

Sent to a Lady.

F_{AIN} would I strike the harp to Kings,
And give to war the founding strings ;
But, lo ! the chords rebellious prove,
And tremble with the notes of love.

In vain I quarrel with my lyre,
In vain I change the rebel wire ;
Boldly I strike to war again,
But love prevails through all the strain.

Oh ! since not master of the shell,
Ye Kings, and sons of war, farewell ;
And since the Loves the song require,
To VENUS I resign the lyre.

'Twas thus, O NYMPH, with attic tongue,
The gay ANACREON pour'd the song,
A BARD belov'd by *me* :
And who the POET's harp can blame ?
Perhaps old Greece could boast a DAME,
With every grace like *thee*.

O D E.

PETER *modestly, delicately, and tenderly, pleadeth against the excessive Damages lately given for certain illegal Liberties in Love-matters.*

A MAN may, in the cold dim eve of life,
By way of sun-shine, take a pretty wife,
To warm him, as King DAVID did of yore* ;
Kiss her neat little finger, pat her cheek,
Toy with the snowy beauties of her neck—
No more !

Preventing thus each Rake of flesh and fin
From impudently stepping in.

Thus toying, mumbling, chuckling, the old fool,
Who wanteth much the birch of CUPID's school,
Expects his wife, so soft, and so divine,
To fancy ev'ry sublunary bliss
In ev'ry toying monkey-trick, and kiss,
And round his neck, her arms with *rapture* twine ;

Just like the fragrant pea, with blooms so thick,
That curls her tendrils round a rotten stick !

* Here is a flagrant error of the Lyric Bard. It was not a *wife*, but a pair of pretty black-eyed *Hebrew lasses*, whom the Monarch chose for his *loving* companions.

For *him* to raise his hedge, and bar his gate,
 Is nat'ral—sad is trespass on th' estate :
 For who, alas ! can sit with silent ease,
 And see a neighbour's pig among his peas ?

But why should be afraid of horns,
 Who married a poor squeal, starv'd cat, for *money* ?
 Heav'ns ! what should put the JUDGE's breech on thorns ?
 Where, for the wasps, alas ! is Madam's honey ?

'Tis sweetness tempts the insects from the skies ;
 Gall needeth not a flapper for the flies.

So furious is this JUDGE against Crim. Con.
 That poor ADULTERY is just undone :
 Afraid to write, or squeeze, or wink his eye,
 Nay, waft the soul's soft wishes on a sigh !

Woe to the wicked *Cornu*-factors now !
 Ten, twenty, thirty, forty thousand pounds,
 For *him* to pay, who milks his neighbour's cow ;
 Stealing by night so sily to his grounds !

“ O 'tis so vile, so wicked an affair !

“ Dreadful a neighbour's honour to ensnare—

“ Take his dear spouse without his leave, indeed !

“ What !

“ What ! of his bosom steal the tender wife !

“ The pigeon to his feet, prolonging life,

“ Of sinking age the sweet supporting reed !

“ O that the law would make such doings *death* !”

Thus roars the jealous JUDGE, with thund’ring breath.

O ! rave not thus with anger pale,

But let thy *fav’rite* JUSTICE hold the scale :

What though we must *condemn* the smuggled blifs ;

Ten thousand pounds are too much for a *kiss*.

THE ADDRESS OF THE FAIRIES

TO THE

LADIES OF R—, IN CORNWALL:

Left on the Dial-plate in the Garden.

YE gentle MAIDS of Camborne’s Druid vale,
 Admir’d and lov’d by all our elfin train ;
 Your worth with wonder and delight we hail,
 And pen, unseen, for *you* the tuneful strain.

Beneath these oaks our happy court we keep,
 When Midnight rules the world with solemn sway ;
 While *you*, forgetful, sink to silent sleep,
 We, blithsome, gambol 'mid the moonlight ray.

Sweet is the spot where INNOCENCE is seen—
 Dear is the valley where the VIRTUES dwell :
 By *such* allur'd, we trip this dewy green,
 Far from the sound of RIOT's savage yell.

HEALTH, rose-lipp'd HEALTH, shall crown your crystal rill,
 And bid with ev'ry balm your Zephyrs blow ;
 Unceasing song shall charm the echoing hill,
 And PLENTY robe with bloom, the vale below.

Thus wing'd with joy shall glide your golden hours,
 Till for yon skies ye bid the world adieu ;
 And when at last ye leave these blissful bow'rs,
 Your little weeping *friends* will wander too.

OBERON,
 PUCK,
 BLOSSOM,
 MAB, &c.

TO

TO CHARLOTTE, ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BEHOLD another year succeed !
But, CHARLOTTE, thou hast nought to dread,
 Since TIME will ev'ry beauty spare :
TIME knows what's *perfect*, and well knows,
'Twould take him *ages* to compose
 Another Damsel *half so fair*.

T O C Y N T H I A.

CYNTHIA, I own my heart is lost,
And dare confess it with a boast ;
 It does a credit to my sighs ;
For who like *thee* displays a face,
Or who like *thee* abounds with grace,
 Or sports like *thee* a pair of eyes ?

But, ah ! 'tis folly to complain,
Because I hear no sighs again,
 A soft, a sweet return for *mine* :
LOVE is a *Rogue*, who bade me gaze ;
And when he saw *my* bosom blaze,
 Refus'd to raise a spark in *thine*.

HYMN TO SILENCE.

O SILENCE, to our earth by WISDOM giv'n,
 Yet from the *fashionable* circles driv'n
 To breathing Zephyrs, and the limpid stream,
 Whose murmurs sweetly soothe the shepherd's dream;
 For thee I often sigh, but sigh in vain,
 When FOLLY stuns me with her noisy train.

Oh! how I wish thy presence, when the 'SQUIRE
 Impertinently bursts into my room;
 Hallooing from the kennel's howl and mire,
 And casting o'er my day, a midnight gloom.

Yet if his sister *Phil.* comes giggling in,
 And talks of fashions, op'ra, ball, and play;
 Methinks, my ears can *bear* the varied din,
 Which forceth thee, mute MAID, to run away.

Yet 'tis not *long* I wish thee thus apart;
 So much thy presence glads, *at times*, my heart—
 For when I clasp the Nymph, so fair and young,
 And steal a sweet acquaintance with her *lip*,
 I wish thee in the room at once to skip,
 And gently take possession of her *tongue*.

CECILIA.

C E C I L I A.

CECILIA, as 'twas Christmas time,
 Resolving on a flight sublime,
 Prepar'd to pass her holidays in heav'n:
 The GODDESS then brush'd up her wings,
 Pick'd up her trinkets, her best things,
 Her harp, and songs, and pen, by PHŒBUS giv'n.

When in rush'd MUSIC—"Madam, no,
 "Indeed you *must* not, *shall* not go"—
 "Poh! hold thy tongue (the GODDESS cry'd) thou
 Ninny;
 "Think'st thou I'll quit dear BATH, my pride,
 "And not an *equal charm* provide?
 "Thou stupid creature, to forget *Rauzzini*."

S O N G.

AH, DELIA! I will not complain,
 That another is blest in thy charms;
 Yet allow me to *envy* the SWAIN,
 Whom DELIA can take to her arms.

I confess that no merit is mine—

That of DELIA I ought to despair :
 Since thy virtues, dear Maid, are divine,
 And thy form like an Angel's so fair.

On FATE let me fix all the blame,
 Who show'd me thy form of desire ;
 When I caught from thy beauty a flame,
 That only with life can expire.

Yet, DELIA, before I depart,
 Ah ! do not *one* favour deny ;
 Though FORTUNE denies me thy *heart*,
 Let thy pity accept of its *figh*.

M A D R I G A L.

SWEET Girl, the man's a downright fool,
 That asks for constancy in love—
 VARIETY's a charming school :
 How nat'ral for the heart to rove !

A form like thine can never cloy—
 And, lo, thy graces, what a plenty !
 Then tell me, why should *one* enjoy
 The beauties that suffice for *twenty* ?

AN APOLOGY FOR INCONSTANCY.

TO PHILLIS.

"How 'tis thou governeſt *above*,
 "I know not verily, O LOVE;
 "But, to my grief, this truth I know,
 "That FOLLY leads thy dance *below*."

'Twas thus I spleenful cry'd, when firſt my heart
 From thy black ſparklers felt the ſtinging dart:

In diſmal crape I drefs'd up many a ballad;
 Mad at four looks, I look'd for nought but ſmile,
 Not dreaming once that vinegar and oil
 Produc'd a fine effect upon a fallad.

My wary wiſdom now is on its guard,
 And ev'ry day, I, PETER, am prepar'd
 To catch my little Syren out of humour:

A diſappointment at a ball perchance,
 Not ſtanding up the *foremoſt* in a dance,

Which forms a feaſt for wide-mouth'd MADAM RUMOUR,
 May give thee fidgets, put thee out of forts—
 What flighted Lady loveth ſuch reports?

K k k

Grant

Grant that thine eyes, with fullen clouds o'ercast,
 Let fall, alas ! a hearty shov'r of rain—
 Soon will those suns (for long it cannot last)
 Peep out with radiance on the world again.
 When, lo ! their beams will seem a great deal brighter,
 My spirits also dancing ten times lighter.

Life is too maukish, if 'tis always *sweet* ;
 At times, a disappointment is a treat.
 Some scout this doctrine—Psha ! the vapid asses !
 Lord, drown them in a hoghead of molasses.

When MAJESTY was in a monstrous passion,
 And grimly THURLOW thunder'd out d-mnation,
 And LEEDS and HAWKSB'RY join'd their jowls together,
 Brewing, like witches of Macbeth, foul weather ;

I cannot truly say my heart was light :
 Indeed the Bard found something like a fright ;
 Indeed I trembled at the gathering gloom ;
 But when the cloud so harmless pass'd away,
 My spirits all so frolicksome and gay,
 To dance their jig, had scarcely *elbow-room*.
 I laugh'd at each dark terrifying mien,
 And mock'd the dread that rush'd through ev'ry vein.

Yet,

Yet, is it possible, ye tuneful NINE,
(Doubtless the thought the great APOLLO shocks)
That verses vended by a Bard divine,
Can put his sacred legs into the stocks?
Yes! and his sacred head into the pillory;
So say the law archives of Lent and Hilary.

Some, Moderation kick, like fools, to door,
And wish their passions always in a *roar*.
Ah! would those madmen wisely time employ,
They ought to be *economists* of joy.

Too frequent and too violent a motion,
Will tear the best machinery to pieces;
This doctrine to young masters is a *potion*,
A nauseous potion too to *love-sick Misses*.

Beyond th' extravagance of rhyme,
Beyond the flight of thought sublime,
I chace not blisses thus beyond all measure—
RAPTURE's a fiery hunter to bestride;
Indeed I wish not *madman-like* to ride,
But calm on that sweet filley, christen'd PLEASURE.

PHILLIS, I will not *always* have thy smile;
At times, I'll give thee liberty to *pout*:

Such

Such is my plan, the minutes to beguile ;
 Sometimes *in* heav'n, my love, and sometimes *out*.
 Variety affords a zest to life—
 But, mum!—we must not say this to a *wife*.

H Y M N T O L I F E.

PARENT of PLEASURE, and of many a groan,
 I should be loath to part with thee, I own,

Dear LIFE !

To tell the truth, I'd rather lose a *wife*,
 Should Heav'n e'er deem me worthy of possessing
 That best, that most invaluable blessing.

Some people talk of thee with much *sang-froid*,
 As one too pitiful to be enjoy'd ;

But thou'rt a most delightful girl with *me*—
 A hundred thousand pretty things are *thine* ;
 Indeed, of golden treasure thou'rt a mine,

Thy manners greatly with my heart agree.

I love thy sweet acquaintance from my heart ;
 Will make a bargain with thee not to part,

Till Fate shall strike our system off its hinges :
 Consenting to a little gout sometimes,
 That spoils my appetite to meat and rhimes,
 Those very sharp *memento-mori* twinges.

I thank thee that thou brought'st me into *being*;
 The things of this our world are well *worth seeing*,
 And, let me add moreover, well worth feeling ;
 Then what the dev'l would people have,
 These gloomy hunters of the grave,
 For ever fighting, groaning, canting, kneeling ?

I cannot rise from thee as from a feast,
 As HORACE says, *uti conviva satur*—
 No such matter :
 I'll answer for myself at least.

No, when it comes that thou and I must part,
 LIFE, I shall leave thee with a fighting heart ;
 Leave the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 With ling'ring longing looks, says GRAY.

Some wish they never had been born, how odd !
 To see the handy works of God,
 In sun, and moon, and starry sky ;

Though last, not least, to see sweet WOMAN's charms ;
 Nay more, to clasp them in our arms,
 And pour the soul in love's delicious sigh,
 Is well worth coming for, I'm sure,
 Supposing that thou gav'st us nothing more.

Yet, thus furrounded, LIFE, dear LIFE, I'm *thine* ;
 And could I always call thee *mine*,

I would not quickly bid this world farewell :
 But whether here, or long, or short my stay,
 I'll keep in mind, for ev'ry day,

 An old French motto, *Vive la bagatelle !*

Before us HEAV'N hath plac'd the tear and smile ;
 Each may be won with very trifling toil—

 But if there be in nature such a mule,
 Who, willing with misfortune to be curst,
 Should, like an idiot, madly choose the first,
 In God's name let him suffer like a fool.

Misfortunes are this lott'ry world's sad blanks ;
 Presents, in my opinion, not worth thanks :
 The PLEASURES are the twenty-thousand prizes,
 Which nothing but a downright ass despises.

ODE TO ADMIRAL HOTHAM.

THRICE happy man, on whom DUNDAS and PITT,
With all the energy of human wit,

And all the pow'rs of sacred truth beside,
Have lavish'd the wild torrent of their praise,
Deck'd thy bald head with GLORY's brightest rays!
Haste from thy vessel with unwounded hide;

Thy *vessel*, which, like *thee*, 'mid WAR's alarm,
And *mighty* danger, met no *mighty* harm.

Great TAR, at once thy course for England shape;
England, broad staring, quite upon the gape,
To meet the VICTOR, by whose arm, DUNDAS
Declares what *marv'lous things* have come to pass!

Yet as we bear thee through the streets along,
Amid the stunning shout, and howling song;

Suppose a PATRIOT SAGE should cross thy way,
And, claiming silence, ask in manly tone,
"What for these honours, HOTHAM, hast thou done?"
HOTHAM! now what the devil wilt thou say?

FROM

FROM THE PERSIAN OF EMIR JOHAD.

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

SWEET child of summer, who from flow'r to flow'r,
To sip each odour, sport'st on filken wing;
I greet thy presence 'mid the golden hour,
Whilst with the birds the vales of SERDI ring.

I see thee perching on each rose's bloom;
From fragrance thus to fragrance wont to glide;
Now from the tender vi'let waft perfume;
Now fix'd upon the lily's snowy pride.

Though blest art thou—my bliss is greater still;
I kiss the bosom of the brightest FAIR!
The charms of ADEL all my senses fill;
And whilst those charms I press, her love I share.

But thou a mutual passion canst not know;
No fond endearments can return to thee—
Whilst I, belov'd, with constant rapture glow—
Sweet child of summer, come and envy *me*.

ODE TO THE LION SHIP OF WAR,

On her Return with the Embassy from CHINA.

DEAR LION, welcome from thy *monkey* trip ;
 Glad is the BARD to see thee, thou good Ship ;
 Thy mournful ensign, half way down the staff,
 Provokes (I fear me much) a general laugh !

What sad long phizzes thou hast now on board !
 A high and mighty disappointed LORD !
 And lo, a disappointed doughty KNIGHT,
 Whose buds of hope have felt a horrid blight.

Say, wert thou not *asham'd* to put thy prow
 Where BRITONS, dog-like, learnt to crawl and bow ;
 Where *Eastern* Majesty, as hist'ry sings,
 Looks down with smiles of scorn on *Western* Kings ?

Ah me ! 'tis universally allow'd
 That Eastern Monarchs are prodigious proud ;
 Unlike the *bumble* Monarchs of the *West*—
 Such kind and pliable and gentle creatures !
 So placid, of their souls, and sweet, the features ;
 Where nought but VIRTUE is a welcome guest.

M m m

Your

Your Eastern Despots, in their lofty station,
Expect the cenſer of rich adulation

To burn for ever underneath their noſes :
This incenſe boaſts a certain opiate pow'r ;
Whoſe pleaſant, ſtupifying, plenteous ſhow'r,
The optics of the underſtanding cloſes ;

Producing, too, a charming gaudy dream,
In which Kings think they hold the world's eſteem ;
Think, too, the conſcience ſound, though full of holes,
And virtues, thick as herrings, in their ſouls.

O FLATT'RY, thou attendant on INANITY,
Thou meat, drink, clothes, and furniture of VANITY,
'Tis cruel to attack a *feeble head* ;
Yes, cruel—likewiſe let me add, a *ſhame*—
Who never makeſt mention of its name,
Poor, eaſy, gaping cuckoo, when 'tis *dead*.

Once more to *thee*, O LION, to return—
A ſubject form'd to bid all England mourn !

O think upon thy BRITONS, how diſgrac'd,
As to the palace of JEHÓL they rac'd,

So

So shabbily, so tawdrily array'd !*

The natives, with horse-laughs, the tribe remarking ; †
While, grunting, kicking, braying, howling, barking, ‡
Hogs, dogs, and asses, join'd the cavalcade !

Not STAUNTON, with his Doctor's gown and cap,
Could from the populace obtain *one* clap ;
Nor poor MACARTNEY, with his star and ribbon !—
Child-like, he might as well have had a bib on !

Ah me ! before ye fail'd, a friend,
I told ye all how things would end. ||

* “ I cannot but add to the obstacles which we received from the curiosity of the Chinese people, some small degree of mortification at the kind of impression our appearance seemed to make on them : for they no sooner obtained a sight of any of us, than they universally burst out into loud shouts of laughter.”
Vide ANDERSON'S Narrative of the British Embassy to China.

† Mr. ANDERSON supposes the clothes for the *suite* of the Ambassador were second-hand things purchased from the servants of the French Ambassador LUZERNE, or from the Play-houses—perhaps from Monmouth-street.

‡ “ We found ourselves (says Mr. ANDERSON) intermingled with a cohort of pigs, asses, and dogs, which broke our ranks, *such as they were*, and put us into irrecoverable confusion. All formality of procession, therefore, was at an end ; and the Ambassador's palanquin was so far advanced before us, as to make a little *smart running* necessary to overtake it.”

|| See my Epistle to LORD MACARTNEY, in which I prophesied somewhat *more* than came to pass, as the Embassy was *bonâ fide* not literally *flogged* ; but, says ANDERSON, “ we entered Pekin like *paupers*, we remained in it like *prisoners*, and we quitted it like *vagrants*.”

Tell me, who plann'd this filly expedition?

That brain was surely in a mad condition:

Say, was it AVARICE, the lean old JADE,
Who, though half Asia's gems her corpse illumine,
(SOL's radiance on a melancholy tomb)

Can join with MEANNESS in her dirtiest trade?

Who told our King, the embassy would thrive,

Must be the most egregious fool alive—

God mend that Courtier's head, or rather trash-pot!—

Perhaps he cry'd, "Upon the rich HINDOO

"Your glorious Majesty has cast its shoe,

"And CHINA next, my LIEGE, must be your *wash-pot*."

ODE TO A BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the summer's golden hour,

Who, happy, rovt from flow'r to flow'r,

Now sportive winnowing 'mid th' expanse of air;

O welcome to my little field!

Each leaf of fragrance may it yield!

Yes, dwell with *me*, and NATURE's bounty share.

No

No black SIR JOSEPH* with his net,
 And JONAS†, whelm'd with dust and sweat,
 Shall rudely chafe thee far from my protection;
 Wild-leaping ev'ry fence and ditch;
 So rank the Virtuoso itch,
 For making a rare butterfly collection.

Yet round thy paper-gibbet, laud would flow,
 Amid the Knight's brave breakfasts in SOHO;
 With rapture shown to toast-and-muffin Sages:
 With *thee* too, would the *royal Journals* ring;
 And ev'n thy pretty mealy painted wing
 Employ description sweet, for fifty pages!

Yet what, alas! is praise to people *dead*?
 A panegyric on a lump of lead—
 Precisely so!
 Ye Gods, then, let me all *my* praises *bear*—
 For verily 'tis wisdom to prefer
 One grain *above ground*, to a pound *below*.

Rare CHILD of Æther, pr'ythee then agree
 To choose the offer'd field, and dwell with *me*:

* Banks.

† Jonas Dryander, the Knight's *sine quo non*.

Here will I mark thee, 'mid thy meals, how chaste !
 So busy on the flow'rs of golden hue,
 And silver daisies moist with morning dew,
 How innocent, how simple thy repast !

Ah ! diff'rent far, from *Us* who grossly lave
 Our lips in beef and mutton's sanguine wave !

Whilst *We*, a race barbarian, cruel, *slay*—
 From *hog*, too, form the dinners of the day—
 From hog, that lodg'd of yore the Imps of evil* !
 Intrepid *He* who ventur'd *thus* to dine !
 Methinks the man who dreamt of eating *swine*,
 Must really next have thought of eating *devil*.

ODE ON MODERATION.

“ SOME folks are mad, and do not know it,”
 Says *some one*—I forget the *Poet* ;
 And verily the Bard was in the right.
 Wild as a puppy chafing butterflies,
 The world hunts TRANSPORT with keen nose and eyes ;
 Deceitful Lads, who often proves a bite !

* The history of the herd of swine is universally known as well as believed.

The calm, cool, philosophic hour ;
 The purling brook, the woodbine bow'r ;
 The grove's, the valley's sweet and simple song ;
 MORN's virgin blush, and EVENING's setting ray,
 On more than half the world are *thrown away*,
 Whose joys must like a whirlwind pour along.

Calmly let *me* begin and end LIFE's chapter ;
 Ne'er panting for a *hurricane* of rapture :
 Calm let *me* walk—not riotous and jumping :
 With due decorum, let my heart
 Perform a sober, quiet part,
 Not at the ribs be ever bumping, bumping.

RAPTURE's a *Charger*—often breaks his girt,
 Runs off, and flings his rider in the dirt.

Lo, when for Gretna Green the couple start,
 LOVE plays his gambols through each throbbing heart :
 Squeezing and hugging, kissing on they go ;
 Wild, from the chaise, they poke their heads to JOHN,
 “ Make haste, dear JOHN, drive on, drive on, drive on—
 “ Lord ! lord ! your horses are so very slow !”

And whilst, for Gretna Green, each turtle sighs,
 The BLACKSMITH* seems an Angel in their eyes.

* Also a DIVINE, who gains a comfortable maintenance by making matrimonial chains as well as horse-shoes.

But

But when this BLACKSMITH has perform'd *his* part,
Possession quells the tumults of the heart ;

The heart with foaming blifs no more boils over !
Now leifurely into the chaise they get !

They ask no John to drive, no horse to fweat ;
No eye's keen sparkle shows the burning lover ;

No kifles 'midst the jolting road they snap ;

CÆLIA now takes a comfortable nap :

Down on her cheeks, her locks difhevell'd flow ;

Not vastly smooth, but much like locks of hay ;

Her cap not much refembling Alpine fnow,

Shook from her rolling wearied head away.

The YOUTH too, with his noddle on his breast ;

His hair all carelefs, much in hay-like trim ;

As though fweet wedlock's joys had loft their zeft ;

As though a dull indiff'rence damn'd the whim ;

With mouth half fhut, that heavy feems to fay,

“ The devil take the BLACKSMITH and the day,

“ Who tied me to that trollop, now my wife,

“ Juft like a jack-afs to a poft, for *life* !”

THE PRAISE OF ANECDOTE.

BLESSED be the Retailers of Anecdote, who afford so much pleasant and light food to the mind. Blessed more particularly be MASTER JOHN NICHOLS, compiler of the Magazine of *quantity*, and *eke* his wonderful coadjutor DOCTOR (not *Mister*) RICHARD GOUGH, who so often giveth that old devourer TIME a vomit, to make him disgorge

A furbelow of good QUEEN BESS's tail ;

A taylor's thimble, and a rusty nail.

Important is the most trivial Anecdote of an extraordinary person ; and when consecrated by Age, it becomes invaluable.

Thus of himself sayeth the celebrated Monsieur MENAGE, one of my great *precursors* in *Ana*, who, if I may be in the fashion of alliteration, could give dignity to a dunghill, grace to a gutter, prettiness to a pigstye, honour to a horse-pond, and majesty to a mouse. " When I boarded at Angers," says this extraordinary man, " the Mistress of the house quarrelled with the Maid for the loss of a pound of butter, which, by some means or other, had sneaked out of the way. The girl declared that the cat eat every bit

O o o

of

of it. The incredulous mistress swore it was false; and, to be convinced, she put the cat into a pair of scales; when, lo! the animal, to the maid's confusion, weighed only three quarters of a pound!"

"It is a fortunate thing (says Monsieur MENAGE, in another place) to be acquainted with celebrated people." The smallest anecdote of a man of consequence, adds a gem to the treasures of History. Adopting this idea, I shall from time to time communicate to my readers, pretty little stories of Great People. To begin with his present GRACE of LEEDS, who is Musician, Politician, and Poet—

'Twas in that season of the year,
When Oratorios sweet appear,
And human warblers, all divinely sing;
Unlike the little birds, I wot,
Who close in frost and snow the throat,
And chant in summer only, and the spring;
that, being in the Green Room of Covent Garden, I
stumbled on his GRACE of LEEDS, who, notwithstanding
his having been the burthen of one of my merry songs, voluntarily and smilingly addressed *the Bard*, that is to say,
me, the LYRIC PETER, Ο ΠΟΙΗΤΗΣ. The unexpectedness
of the salute, produced a palpitation, mixed with a quantity
of reverence. "When was you in Cornwall last?" said
his

his Grace, with a simper. "About two years since," replied I—"pray when was your *Grace* in that province?" "Last year," answered the Duke. "The Duchefs accompanied your Grace, I presume?" quoth I, in a pretty, tender, unpresuming, and winning tone. "She *did*," rejoined his Grace, with the most affable smile, and conciliating manner. "GODOLPHIN is wildly situated," quoth I. "If I mistake not, Cornwall was made the scene of the *diableries* of the old Spanish and Italian writers of romance." "Hem, hem," rejoined the Duke, with a smile and a nod, which seemed *to me*, though intended as tones and signals of assent, to imply more *ignorance* than *knowledge*, which every GREAT MAN is too *great* to confess. His Grace now turned the discourse to Shakespeare, and Dryden, and Pope, and some more modern authors, with a pretty volubility, and some critical remark, which, though not in the true spirit of Longinus, was really not contemptible; for the Duke is a bit of a Poet; witness an unfortunate Prologue or two, and some *fortunate* amatory stanzas, that won the heart of the Duchefs. Part of the natural history of a Poet is a desultory disposition, leaping from earth to heaven in his frenzy. Here the *converse* of the proposition took place; for, after a sublime quotation from Shakespeare, the Duke abruptly descended to the humbler

humbler subject of his *nose*!!! “How came you, Sir, in your Ode, to attack my nose?” This was a thundering question; for thou knowest, Reader, if thou hast perused all my lyrical lucubrations, that his Grace’s proboscis has been the subject of a poetical smile. “My Lord Duke,” answered I, “when your Grace, Lord Hawkesbury, Lord Thurlow, Lord Sidney, and others, your colleagues in Administration, took it into your heads to attack me, I thought a poor Poet had a right to the laws of retaliation. But why attack my *nose*, Sir, why attack my nose?” The conversation now took a turn to his GRACE’s knowledge of the Poets, from which he made many quotations, and spoke them with propriety:—on a sudden he quitted the classics, and reverted to his favourite and wounded feature—“But why attack my *nose*? is there any thing *uncommon* in my *nose*?” I answered, that, at the time I mentioned it, I was not *certain* whether he had a *nose* or no, as its existence was only fancied from *report*; but that I *knew* his GRACE had *power*, and meant to employ it against me with *hostility*. This answer produced no reply. The Duke stood mute and frowning for a few minutes, and then broke out on a sudden, “I will introduce ye to the Duchefs.” We immediately quitted the Green Room arm in arm, and repaired to a Stage-box, that held her Grace and Sister,
Mifs

Mifs ANGUISH. The introduction was respectful, solemn, and awful—when, behold, the Duke, unable to quit his favourite topic, turned the solemnity of the meeting into farce.—“My love,” (quoth the Duke to the Duchess) “I have been asking the Doctor what provoked him to attack my *nose*?” Then turning to me, “Pray, Doctor, what provoked you to attack my nose?” Driven to the necessity of a compliment, I replied, that “had I seen his Grace’s *nose* before I wrote the Odes, I should most certainly have composed a *panegyric* on it instead of a *satire*, as the nose was really a very good nose indeed.” The ladies smiled, the Duke was pleased; I leaned over the box, to shew the audience into what good company Fortune had thrown me. The conversation grew more cheerful—several ingenious *impromptus* were exchanged. At length I took my leave, with a profound bow of thanks for the honours I had received. His Grace returned my bow; the ladies also most condescendingly bowed to my bow; and forth I went, with exultation, to communicate this sudden *peripetia* or change of fortune to all my acquaintances.

GENTLE READER,

Wouldst thou not have imagined that the *war hatchet* was buried for ever? Such was my too credulous opinion;

P p p

but

but *fronti nulla fides!* The very next public dinner his Grace gave, what did he? He exhibited a ludicrous account of our interview; applauded his own amazing magnanimity, wit, and condescension, and laughed at the Poet. Dashed from the pinnacle of my ambition, for I expected a high place in Administration, and mortified by the disappointment, I sat me down, and in the true spirit of sorrow wrote the following pathetic stanzas.

THE SONG OF DISAPPOINTMENT :

AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

HOPE whisper'd fine things in my ear ;
 I believ'd her, though trick is her trade :
 She told me that FORTUNE was near,
 Who had always behav'd like a jade.

Great names, *little* people astound—
 How 'witching the title, Your GRACE !—
 My Lord Duke, Lady Duchefs, what sound !
 Big with honour, and dinner, and place.

In fancy I join'd the Duke's table,
Where his Grace so instructively chats ;
Despising my garret, that stable,
My joint-stool, and my penn'orth of sprats.

In fancy I *jok'd* with his GRACE,
And felt a huge torrent of bliss—
Then I flatter'd the Duchess's face,
And whisper'd love-stories to Miss.*

In fancy his GRACE I beheld,
Heard his mouth with sound criticism ope ;
That mouth most deliciously swell'd
With quotations from DRYDEN and POPE.

In fancy I heard him aloud
Read his prologue so sweet to his guests ;
Saw wonderment stare from the croud,
And rapture burst wild from their breasts.

Now I heard him delightfully thrum ;
Now in praise of old music a raver ;
Now HANDEL's huge choruses hum ;
Now a critic on crotchet and quaver.

* Miss Anguish.

In fancy a bonfire I blaz'd ;
At my wit heard them call out " encore ;"
While the room with astonishment gaz'd,
Prepar'd ev'ry moment to roar.

But the Duke has secreted his face ;
To the BARD what a terrible blow !
And gone are the smiles of her GRACE,
And the smiles of each ANGUISH *al-so*.

But I'm not deluded alone ;
To *another* he sadly be hav'd :
Doctor JACKSON, by promises won,
Cut his curls from his pate, and was shav'd.

Though the Doctor look'd smart with his locks,
Sublime too, and swarthy, and big ;
He was told, when a Bishop, his flocks
Would expect a *full bushel of wig*.

A wig was accordingly bought,
As a cauliflow'r large, and as fair ;
Where the barber too, blest with good thought,
Wove religion and pomp in each hair.

In

In short, 'twas so solemn a *quiz*,
 So form'd for concerns of the soul ;
 People scarce could decide on its phiz,
 Which look'd wisest, the caxon or jowl.

But after this grand operation
 Of clipping and wiggling, I trow,
 Sore baulk'd was poor *Con*'s* exaltation,
 But *why*—none with certainty know.

Some thought *Heav'n* with the *wig* was displeas'd ;
 But people may think as they list :
 Others said (with maliciousness seiz'd)
 Heav'n hated the *pride* of the Priest.

So the Doctor no Bishop was made,
 Nor at present a Bishop is *he* ;
 And it also may safely be said,
 That a Bishop he never will *be*.

But the DUKE too is thwarted, I ween ;
 Who looks *up* like a hawk to the Crown ;

* *CON*, *i. e.* Consequential Jackson—a constant appellative bestowed on him at the University of Oxford.

But, alas ! our good King and good Queen
Have never vouchsaf'd to *look down*.

Now to Duke and to Duchefs adieu ;
Adieu to my honours *like-wise* ;
The vision departs from my view,
And HOPE, the false flatterer, flies.

My teeth too are robb'd of sweet picking ;
Ah teeth, to good eating attach'd !
And thus have I counted my chicken,
Poor blockhead, before they were hatch'd.

END OF VOLUME I.



